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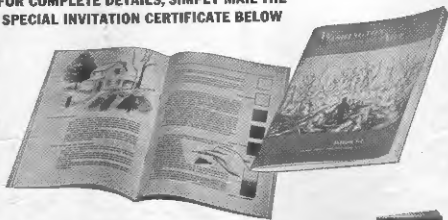
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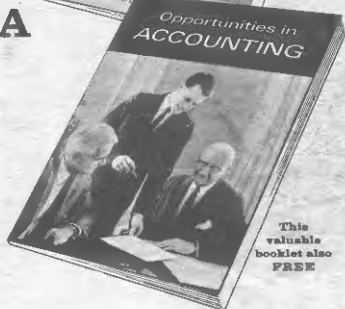
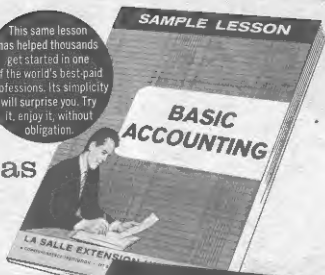
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108

COMPLETE MAN

VOL. 7
NO. 1

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PUNCH

LINE'S

The naive young housewife dropped in on her neighbor to offer congratulations on the recent birth of triplets.

"Triplets are very rare, aren't they?"

"Indeed they are," the mother replied proudly. "They occur only once in about three million times."

"My goodness," was the surprised retort. "When do you have time for your housework?"

Marvin was a playful, middle-aged wolf. Seating himself close to an attractive blonde on the bus, he leaned over and inquired, "Where have you been all my life?"

She looked him over coolly and replied, "Well, for the first half of it, I wasn't even born!"

Sam was walking down the street with a Bible under his arm when he met his pal, Bill. "Where you headed?" asked Bill.

"Well," replied Sam, "I've been hearing so much about Miami: pretty girls, strip shows, horse races and so on, I'm going down there and try it out."

"But what's the idea of the Bible?" asked Bill.

"If it's as good as they say it is," said Sam, "I might stay over Sunday."

In Detroit there is a used plumbing dealer named Carr who has attracted a great deal of publicity with the sign on all of his trucks. It reads: "HONEST CARR, THE USED JOHN DEALER."

The Juvenile Court Judge was telling the mother of a delinquent about her son's behavior. At every mention of one of the child's misdeeds, the mother would nod and say, "Just exactly like his Paw!"

Finally, after the long list was ended, the judge said, "Well, Madam, what do you say?"

The woman shrugged. "All I got to say, Judge, is I sure am glad I never did marry up with that man."

At the railroad station, a week-end guest was thanking his host.

"Charlie, I really enjoyed our fishing trip," the guest shouted from the train window. "And I really enjoyed the barbecued steaks you cooked."

"That's great, Frank," replied his host. "I'm glad you could be here, and I hope you really had fun."

Just as the train pulled out of the station, the guest again hailed his friend, "And, Charlie, I really enjoyed making love to your wife."

The passenger sitting next to the traveler looked quite amazed and said, "Did you say you enjoyed making love to your friend's wife?"

"Well," returned the other, "I didn't really enjoy it, but Charlie's a hell of a nice guy."

A dear little old lady donated a pair of men's pajamas to the Red Cross. "I made 'em myself," she reported proudly. But upon examination, it was found that they lacked the customary opening in front. The Director telephoned the lady and delicately informed her of the error. After a brief silence at the other end, came the inspired reply. "Couldn't you," she asked, "give them to a bachelor?"

A friend of ours who is an eye doctor is highly in favor of co-ed sunbathing in the raw as a healthful occupation. When asked why, he smiles and says: "You ever see a blind nudist?"



Bob Tiller

"But, how can we be sure there's no snake in the grass unless we check?"

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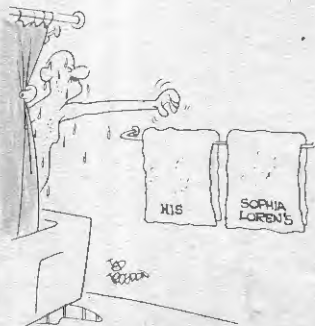
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"If I had it to do over again, I'd marry the runner-up."

If you're thinking about taking the matrimonial plunge, better look this page over before getting your feet wet.



Speaking Of Marriage



"The bum of the year is watching the game of the week!"



"Is it alright if I keep my bra and panties on ...
I feel naked without them."

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—Linda L. Kuehn, Asheville, Pa.

HAS 3-PIECE BAND

"I never thought when I took up your Course that I would play this well. I have a three-piece band we play at night clubs around this area. So you see how much your Course means to me!"

—Howard Clark, Elaine, Ohio

PLAYS ON RADIO AND TV

"I have performed on television, radio, and before large audiences. I have also written three musicals. I owe my thanks to the U.S. School of Music!"

—Leonard Ira Drumheller, Jr., Charlottesville, Va.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 1731 Port Washington, New York 11056

Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your 36-page illustrated book "Now You Can Learn To Play Music In Your Own Home." I am under no obligation, and no salesman will call.

Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

<input type="checkbox"/> Piano	<input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Sax	<input type="checkbox"/> Violin
<input type="checkbox"/> Guitar	<input type="checkbox"/> Trombone	<input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele
<input type="checkbox"/> Accordion	<input type="checkbox"/> Cornet	<input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet
<input type="checkbox"/> Satchophone	<input type="checkbox"/> Sax — pipe, electronic, reed	<input type="checkbox"/> Trombone
<input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar		<input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin

Do you have instrument?

☐ Yes ☐ No

Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced value.

Name _____ Age _____

(Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City & State _____

ZIP CODE (ZONE TWO) _____



how much
would you
pay for
a body
like this?

would you believe \$1.00?

IS IT POSSIBLE? YES! Because for only \$1.00 you can start on a program to gain up to a pound a day!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU CAN GAIN UP TO . . . 7 POUNDS IN 7 DAYS!
... 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS! ... EVEN 21 POUNDS IN 21 DAYS!

Already, THOUSANDS of our students report this kind of success!

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

Crash Weight No. 7 helps you drink on a he-man body in the next few days simply because each can gives you up to 3,000 easy-to-digest extra CALORIES a day! Thousands of my students have discovered that these extra CALORIES put on up to a pound a day (over a pound a day in many instances) and ends their underweight condition forever!

IF YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST DAY'S SUPPLY OF CRASH WEIGHT — you may order a full 7-day supply for only \$8.50! This means that you will have the opportunity to gain up to 7 pounds in 7 days!

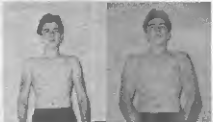


BEFORE

AFTER

Larry Scott had a "fair" physique that weighed in at 165. He wanted extra pounds for a champion-caliber body, but extra-large meals only bloated him — and he stayed at 165. Then Larry discovered Crash Weight No. 7! His weight jumped from a too slender 165 to a muscular 215 pounds — and he went on to win Mr. America — Mr. Universe bodybuilding awards! LARRY GAINED 50 POUNDS!

Yes, you can practice the most enjoyable and effective weight gain method known to Modern Man — simply by drinking a delicious "milkshake" during the day! That's all there is to it! DRINK ON EXTRA POUNDS WHILE YOU REST — RELAX — READ A BOOK — WATCH TV — SLEEP! IT'S AS SIMPLE AS "A-B-C" TO GO ON THIS MODERN WEIGHT GAIN SPREE!



BEFORE

AFTER

Paul Zsoldos of Monmouth, N.J. was growing upwards in a hurry; at 15 he was 6'1" and still growing! The only problem was that he began to look like a praying mantis with still-little legs and toothpick arms! Eating more food didn't help Paul, but delicious, easy-to-digest Crash Weight No. 7 gave Paul 7 POUNDS IN 7 DAYS AND ADDED A BIG 4" TO HIS CHEST!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BUT \$1.00 IS ALL IT TAKES TO GET YOU STARTED! And if you feel dissatisfied with that \$1.00 Crash Weight, for any reason, simply return the empty can to me for a full \$1.00 REFUND! YOU DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL TO GAIN UP TO A POUND A DAY!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE (except skin-niness) . . .
AND EVERYTHING TO GAIN (up to a pound a day for a he-man physique)!

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PHOTO!

Start now to transform your skinniness into the masculine physique that girls love!



Joe Weider Dept. 64-17C

531 32nd Street
Union City, New Jersey

Dear Joe:

You bet I want to start my Crash Weight No. 7 program to gain up to a pound a day! Here's my \$1.00! RUSH me a can of Crash Weight with the MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Also, include FREE information on how I can get a SPECIAL LOW PRICE on either a 7-Day Supply (up to 7 pounds in 7 days) or a 14-Day Supply (up to 14 pounds in 14 days) of CRASH WEIGHT No. 7.

One can (full day's supply) only \$1.00
Check the flavor you prefer: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

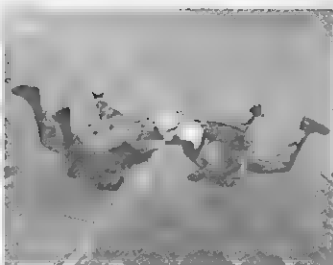
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STATE _____

ZIP _____



Thrill-hungry audiences who want to see fliers gamble with death make plane-crashing high-paying "fun." Pilot of this wreck laughed at caution. "I don't give a damn," he said.



Though sky-diving enthusiasts claim their sport is as safe as sun-bathing, reports of doomed screaming men plummeting to earth are common. Up there, no one gets a second chance.

THEY ANTE-UP THEIR LIVES

America's go-for-broke daredevils scorn death daily in their endless hunt for more dangerous "kicks"—with the full knowledge that one misstep adds up to instant doom.

Midget racers speed to destruction or a pot of gold. Their skill makes the difference; but the drivers of these cars no longer have that choice—they bet their lives and lost.



After having his side ripped open by flesh-crazed twelve-foot white-pointer shark, diver started hunting the swift killers for revenge. He has no new body "decorations" yet.



COME-ACROSS SWINGER

The powder-keg divorcee gave men all they asked for, until one man demanded too much—and set himself up for the kill.



By KARL KRAMER

Captain Sam Baker looked out the cockpit window at the left prop of his C-46. He was coming by Allentown, Pennsylvania at ninety-five hundred feet, on top of a solid undercast. The left propeller was motionless, its blades turned so they almost paralleled the direction of flight. Sam Baker had feathered that prop ten minutes ago when the left engine became so rough he felt it could take no more vibration. He was pulling high power on the right engine to keep aloft, gradually losing altitude and now, for the twentieth time in ten minutes, he checked the temperature gauges for that engine. All were within limits. No overheating.

He looked across the cockpit at his co-pilot. "What are you worried about, sonny?"

"Nothing, Captain. I thought we might be landing at Allentown with that engine gone."

(Continued on page 69)

SENSATIONAL BOOK BONUS

"Look out!" Masters screamed,
as the sports car plowed into
the wild, drunken revelers.

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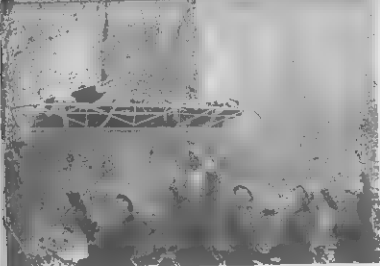
Allen
r 69

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ART BY EARL NOREM

NOREM





1st Inf. Division trooper shot during battle in Vietnam's War Zone D is hoisted to copter as buddies steady litter.



A downed airman is saved from drowning in South China Sea near Hue by fast-reaction rescue unit manning USAF H-19.

World's Toughest Copter Aces

VIETNAM'S LIFE-OR-DEATH RESCUE DAREDEVILS

While rest of air evac team trades lead with Red snipers, this

For a wounded American trapped in Vietnam's jungles, these daredevil evac units are all that stand between them and a VC terror squad.



By EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

Bailing out of his F-100 Super Sabre after it was riddled by ground fire in a low-level bomb run over Quangkhe, Lieutenant James A. Cullen, USAF, decided his prospects of seeing Saigon again were far from bright.

"If you have to hit the silk try to head for open water," the briefing officer at Danang had instructed. "An Air Rescue Service plane is pretty sure to spot you and pick you up."

Right now Cullen had strong doubts about that. A score of Communist-armed junks and torpedo boats rode the choppy water of the Gulf of Tonkin below him, breaking out of their sloppy formation to zero in on the kill.

Machine gun slugs stabbed through the five-foot waves as the lieutenant hit the water, probing for his hobbling head. Cullen ducked behind his inflated rubber dinghy. His dye marker was staining the surface a

brilliant orange and the radio homing beacon built into his life jacket transmitted an automatic call for help.

The bullets were coming closer, ripping through the fabric of the dinghy. Cullen could see the flashes from the muzzles of the .30 calibers. Despite the unsteady pitch and roll of the enemy craft closing in, a machine gun burst was sure to get him.

Abruptly the firing ceased; the enemy boats veered off and scurried frantically in all directions. A U.S. Navy Skyraider dived low above Cullen's leaking dinghy. It was followed by another and another—seven in all. On their way back to their Seventh Fleet carrier from a strike, the Skyraiders had spotted the orange dye marker. With fuel tanks almost empty, they changed course to strafe the enemy flotilla.

Cullen waved and cheered as the planes skimmed past him, bellies gleaming wetly from the wave spray. But the reprieve could only be (Continued on page 46)

soldier sprints through bullets to see if casualty is still alive. He was, but though squad got him out, he died later.





Blackmail camera concealed in playdoh's handbag snapped this shot of actor approving "merchandise" that she was promoting.

"LOVE BREAK" GIRLS:

Hundreds of sensuous and enterprising sin-for-cash hustlers are turning the business sec-



Photo by [illegible] has, having obtained the money side of her "contract," continues to maintain its presence in the [illegible] district.

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

ations of America entered high districts—then blackmailing "clients" for big "payolas."

"LOVE BREAK" GIRLS:

By JIM ROSSI

In the fall of 1960, Dora Reynolds walked into the New York office of Mr. John Tolliver, vice president in charge of sales of a huge chemical complex. She was dressed very neatly in a well-fitting business suit, gloves, hat, large shoulder strap bag. Her mass of blond hair was braided and coiled around her head.

She was the picture of the perfect career woman, but traces of nervousness showed. Shyly she smiled, a sweet warm innocent smile. Timidly she approached the desk, pulling off her right glove.

Frustrated starlets and ambitious models like this one



Corporation lawyer finds time during busy day to "relax" with expert, professional friend (top). Short romps net big fees. Love peddlers, offering door-to-door service to offices, have no trouble selling product (bot.) once they gain entry.



Mr. Tolliver rose, extended his hand and shook hers. Such a nice hand Dora had, slender, long fingered, with just enough strength to assure a man he wasn't crushing it. And yet, the mere touch of palms titillated John Tolliver. Rarely had he seen such an attractive woman.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Tolliver," Dora said huskily.

"The pleasure is mine," Tolliver replied gallantly, then remembered the half chewed cigar in his face and tossed it aside. "Please sit down."

He glanced at her business card, bearing the interesting—to him—inscription of: "Sales Power, Inc. Put

Power In Your Sales." Tucked away in the lower right corner was "Dora Reynolds, Representative."

Taking note of her nervousness, Tolliver asked, "First day on the job?"

"Why, yes," she replied. "How did you know?"

He chuckled at his own cleverness. "Miss Reynolds, I'm a veteran of fifteen years on the road. I must have made 50,000 sales calls. Take my advice. Relax. If you believe in your product, show it. Now, what is it you're selling?"

"It's a . . . service," she answered.

"Okay," he said. "Go (Continued on page 50)

often go into "business" after learning that curvy young girls get ahead faster with lots of cash and top-brass connections.



When a suicidal high-altitude course plunged the fighter or-
bit into a steeping ocean bank, he was marked off under the
ALBU's low, slow, circular and forgotten. But he had to make
his escape from sharks, slow maneuvering on the water's surface.



With a crazy Kamikaze Jap
defending himself
from the sharks.



4-Day Pacific Nightmare
DOWNED NAVY ACE
WHO SURVIVED
TYPHOON LOUISE



"Damn . . . Damn . . . Damn," the mass of tortured flesh in the tattered thin flying suit moaned. "Where's the rescue guys," he muttered drunkenly. The hot June sun beat down on 21-year-old Second Lieutenant Arthur W. Burri as he lay limp in the yellow life raft that bobbed on the gentle swell of the East China Sea. To the west was China. To the northeast was Kyushu, the southern-most island in the Japanese chain.

"Where's the rescue planes?" he mumbled again.

The sun's glare smashed against his eyeballs, and he squinted away from the sky and into the distance. But the bright reflection off the pale green ocean wasn't any more soothing. Burri closed his eyes tight, trying to shut out the heat, light, pain and fear.

He had no idea where he was. He had no idea what day it was. He was in a world of his own. In fact, Art

Burri was at that moment, on June 3, 1945, the loneliest man in the world, for no man is lonelier than a fighter pilot in trouble.

For 80 endless hours, close to three and a half days, Art Burri had sprawled on a square yard of inflated rubber waiting for he didn't know what. For rescue? No low flying planes had appeared overhead. He could hear B-29's flying at 30,000 feet on their way to fire-bomb Japan. He could hear them in the morning, and then he could hear them on the way back later in the afternoon.

He had been confident that he'd be picked up that first day. Somebody must have watched him bail out. He was still confident at the beginning of the second day. But then the sun and the wind and the heat began to broil his skin. He had no water, only a few pieces of gum and candy bars from (Continued on page 56)



Art Burri's fighter was downed by suicide Jap plane like this dynamite-loaded Zero (top) diving at U.S. destroyer. American aircraft carrier (b.) tilts dangerous 45 degrees, from lethal combination of Typhoon Louise and Jap attacks.



U.S.S. Pittsburgh, battered in typhoon which disabled 20 other ships and pounded Art Burri, limps back into port.



DON'T BE A SUCKER

Double-dealing credit plan, phony motor "repairs" and lying ads are

By ROBERT LAGUARDIA



Workmen at General Motors plant in Willow Run, Mich., assemble the Corvair '61 models of car were termed "unsafe."

for no reason at all and without making contact with another vehicle, the compact cut over to the left, heeled sharply and flipped over on its back. Later, as he was to testify in court, the California highway patrolman noticed some distinctive marks dug into the road by the path of the accident. It wasn't the first time he had seen those marks, he said later. The seemingly-impossible "single car" accident didn't

The motorcycle cop was in the left lane of a 35 mph two-way street in Santa Barbara, California. He saw a well-known compact car coming towards him, going at about the right speed for the zone, in the right hand lane, on that August day in 1961. As he watched, the compact car moved slightly closer to the shoulder of the road, then suddenly,



Favorite auto xypster gimmick is "fantastic bargain" promise which hides financial time-bomb that can break you.

surprise the officer any longer.

But at the time, this professional matter wasn't the only thing on his mind. For the first thing the officer saw when he checked the accident was a detached arm with a wedding ring on a finger and a wristwatch on its wrist. The owner of the arm was still in the car, and the officer and two other men



Car salesman's "easy payment plans" are standard equipment for pushing half-willing browsers into a purchase.

FOR AUTO GYPS

some of the swindles that bilk you—and even endanger your life.



Nation's biggest auto makers, forced to admit car faults, have called in millions of defective autos to be repaired.

helped her to an ambulance and tried to help stop the blood pouring from her shoulder. Thanks to this prompt attention, the woman survived. And costly as it was, it may have been thanks to this accident and the patrolman's alertness that attention has been focused for the first time on America's automobile industry, the greatest industry—



Of 50,000 motorists killed yearly, experts claim that half might live if defects were fixed somewhere along the line.

and the nation's most expensive, most dangerous killer.

This accident occurred in a 1961 Chevrolet *Corvair*, as perhaps just about everybody knows by now. The patrolman, John Bortolozzo, testified when the woman who lost her arm sued the General Motors Corporation for damages. In 1964 the General Motors Corporation settled out of court, paying



Ralph Nader, man who brought many of car industry's deadly errors to light, testifies for outraged Senate committee.


Mrs. Rose Pierini a total of \$70,000. But by that time three other suits relating to the same car had been settled, and nearly 100 more were waiting in the courts. Only two years after the Pierini settlement, the subject of auto safety and the manufacturers' responsibility to drivers, had become one of the nation's most hotly debated subjects.

But at about the (Continued on page 61)



✓ Last dropped two guards with a blast from his Tommy gun while his female companion tried to flee and fire at the same time.

STORY STARTS ON PAGE 28



A hand-off girl-gunslinger led them back to the wall where the Russian soldiers had a big gun. A young man, a soldier, was

YANK COMMANDER OF HUNGARY'S UNDERGROUND FEMALE BARRACKS

YANK COMMANDER OF HUNGARY'S UNDERGROUND FEMALE BARRACKS

By DEL NERONI

Lacy's guts were knotted together in what he recognized was stark, paralyzing fear, and he was sweating unbearably. But he had no time for that at the moment. Just walk, he told himself. Play your part and play it well, or you'll never play another.

Aloud, he called to the guards at the gate, "Let us through. I'm taking this garbage to pick up a load of dynamite." For a long moment he stared into the wicked snouts of the machine guns trained upon him, wondering if it would work. Then he released his caught breath in relief as the black muzzles lowered and the gate swung open before them. In a calculatedly brutal and threatening tone he ordered the prisoners forward.

At that instant an alarm siren screamed from the top of the prison tower, and all hell broke loose with a deafening roar of machine-gun fire.

Byron Lacy was a war correspondent, had been for the last ten years.

It was at the Hungarian border that Lacy had his first encounter with the AVO Secret Police. A green clad border guard adamantly refused to admit him into the country. Fortunately, two carloads of heavily armed freedom fighters pulled up at that moment. When Lacy identified himself, they ordered the guard in no uncertain terms to let him through. They also offered to drive him to Budapest, and he accepted gladly, figuring that he would be less likely to run into trouble in their company than if he were alone.

"That guard is a member of the green AVO," one of them explained as they pulled away. "They pretend to be supporting the revolt, but they're actually no better than their brothers in blue. They're just trying to save their own skins."

Lacy was surprised to note the presence of a girl among them. She was sitting in the back seat of the

(Continued on page 50)



Rioting Hungarian freedom fighters routed Government troops during 1956 revolt and blasted giant statues of Russian dictator, Joseph Stalin, all over Budapest.



When massive Soviet reinforcements marched into Hungary to stifle revolution, women fought side by side with men in heroic attempt to rid nation of tyrants.



Brutal tactics of Red tank divisions maimed and killed hundreds of people, and destroyed much of Hungarian capital—revolution died under armor attack (top). As chances of victory grew slimmer, angry rebels took revenge on collaborators who had betrayed them (r.); were driven to terrorism by communist atrocities.





Who Says Blondes

Raven-haired Shirley Reed, a curvy up-and-coming film siren, insists that's all hogwash



Have More Fun?

Buttonholing our photographer, she claimed "us brunettes would rather fight than switch."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The 36-24-35 girl-about-town credits her fine tan to large doses of sun—and tiny bikinis.



"My only problem," she pouted, "is finding a boyless beach so I can brown my body all over."

Humans Who Never Die

Mechanical muscles

Artificial organs: Using these

give you eternal life

HOW SCIENCE IS REDESIGNING YOU INTO A SUPERMAN



... impulses control this "human machine"

In the world of the very near future:

Your wife will "father" her own child ■ she wants to, with *both halves* of the "generic pool" coming from her own cell inheritance, and none of it from yours. Or if you want to, you will do the same, "mothering" your baby in an artificial womb or incubator, and *sending money for the original egg by mail*, according to whatever specifications you demand . . .

Your body will eliminate wastes internally, by reutilization and by exhalation. Your body will never need another bowel movement again, nor to pass urine.

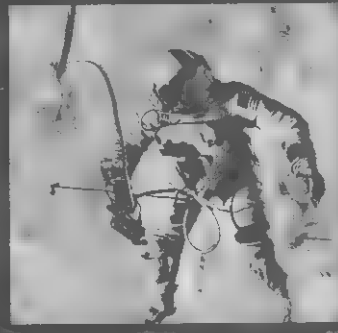
year after next. This is just a skimming—and there is much more—of the results of and predictions from experiments of recent months and years, though none of it would have been guessed at as recently as ten years ago.

But there is something new in the direction to which these researches point. For the first time, American scientists have spoken in the open about the possibility of creating something like a superman, augmenting the natural powers of man by mechanical means after he is born, or changing the natural inheritance genetics has given him by scientific interference before he is born, sometimes, even before he is conceived. These are not just possibilities; they are informed predictions and, some of them, assured fact.

The scientific augmentation of the nature of human life has a purpose today it never had before. For by 1986, say researchers such as Professor J. P. Cole, of Nottingham University, and Dr. Fritz Baade of Kiel University, West Germany, the U.S., together with its allies in Britain and Western Europe, may well be on the way to becoming a 2nd class, or even a 3rd class power in the world. If the (Continued on page 40)

Spare parts surgery, like this "heart" installation, ~~can't~~ brings immortality.

Sanitation Department, says a member of





A DOCTOR'S REPORT

CASEBOOK OF A WOMAN ON THE MAKE

She began complaining of "neglect" and "boredom." Then, passion-driven, her life became a rush toward unappeasable sensuality—with every man fair prey.

By L. T. WOODWARD, M.D.

Lynn was unfaithful.

A handsome dark-haired woman of thirty-two, Lynn had been married nine years. Her husband, who was five years older than she was, earned a robust living as a distributor of photographic supplies.

Lynn had everything she wanted from life—at least, the material things. Her husband's generosity was unbounded. Mink coat? Have two, Lynn. Automobile? How about a sleek Jaguar? Vacations? Capri, the Greek islands, Jamaica, the Riviera. Dinner at the finest restaurants? Tickets to the best shows? You name it, Lynn. It's yours.

Lynn had everything; except the things she really wanted.

Lynn and her husband were childless. A disease in adolescence had left her barren, and neither she nor her husband liked the idea of adopting a child. Lynn had long since adjusted, at least outwardly, to her childlessness. "One has so much more freedom," she would say, when people asked her if she regretted it. "One can just come and go as one pleases."

But she also lacked the warmth of her husband's love. Lynn's husband Mack, like too

many highly successful men, was married to his career. He thought nothing of working a sixty- or seventy-hour week. Business took him all over the country, and frequently it was not feasible to bring Lynn along. His three or four day jaunts to St. Paul, to Miami Beach, to Los Angeles left her feeling deserted and dreary. Some times he had to take longer trips without her—a week in Germany, or ten days in Switzerland.

Lynn began to feel like another one of her husband's handsome possessions. He had a magnificent house, an impressive limousine, a set of custom-made golf clubs, an elaborate stereo set, and a beautiful wife. Lynn suspected that he thought of these things in roughly identical terms. They were all inanimate objects which he kept around to make his life brighter and more cheerful.

Their sex life was up-and-down. Sometimes Mack would embrace her with what seemed to her like genuine warmth and passion, and she would respond in kind. At other times, he seemed to be taking her only because she was there. At those times his lovemaking was like that of a man scratching an itch—remote, cool.

She had been a (Continued on page 38)



Woman On The Make

Continued from page 27

virgin when she married Mack. Virginity in a bride was obviously important to him, and he had taken great pains to choose a girl from a sheltered background, one who was unlikely to have flung away her innocence in adolescence. Demure, soft-spoken Lynn, though she was full-blown and desirable, had been that rarity among modern girls, a virgin all the way to the end of her college career. Then Mack had married her. She had never forgotten his indications of pleasure as he possessed her on the wedding night, as she hissed with pain and began to bleed as her hymen broke in the first act of intercourse she had ever known.

For seven years Mack remained the only man she had ever known. Then, jaded by her dreamily plush existence, Lynn drifted easily and without remorse into her first infidelity.

The man was a gardener. He came once or twice a week to look after the shrubbery and lawns surrounding the house. He was a man of about thirty, brawny and affable, not particularly bright but possessing a magic touch with plants. Lynn would watch him sweating in the sun as he limed or fertilized the lawn, raked up dead leaves, pruned branches, watered evergreens, hedged a border. It was inevitable that she would start to wonder if he could make a woman's body blossom with life as he did a growing plant.

One hot July day Lynn decided to find out.

The gardener had been working all day, from seven in the morning on. About one in the afternoon, Lynn thrust her head out and called into the garden. "Tony, how about coming in for a beer?"

He grinned. "Hey, that sounds swell!" Lynn was wearing nothing but a light dressing-gown. The gardener, seeing her firm body outlined beneath the flimsy robe, looked at her in surprise as he entered the kitchen. But he said nothing. He had always been the soul of propriety, even when, as often happened, there was no one but the two of them in the house.

Lynn handed him a beer. Then she had one herself. They drank in silence. After a long moment, Lynn reached the climax of the struggle within herself. She shrugged the gown off. It fell in a heap at her feet, and she stood magnificently nude before him.

The gardener gaped. "Jesus, Mrs. ——" "Don't say anything. Just come here." Lynn held out her arms. The man came

to her. He was sweaty and dirty from the garden, but she loved the smell of his honest sweat, loved the dirt under his fingernails. She felt very much like Lady Chatterley as his calloused hands cupped the hot, hard-pointed hills of her breasts, as his warm body pressed against hers, as his hands spread wide the soft white columns of her thighs to seek the moist, palpating womanhood between.

When it was over, she lay spread-legged and dazed on the kitchen linoleum, while the gardener, blinking and astonished himself, rose, looked down at her pink loveliness, adjusted his trousers. Neither of them knew quite what to say.

Lynn recovered first. She stood up and with calm poise put on her robe again.

"All right, Tony," she said. "I think you'd better go back outdoors now. We won't need to mention this to anybody, will we?"

She had thought the gardener's haste and directness in the act resulted from his fear of being caught. But Lynn discovered, when she made love with the gardener at other times during the summer, that that was simply his normal technique of sex. He had never known any women who took any great amount of time to get aroused. With him, sex was a matter of getting down to brass knuckles right away.

The gardener was the first, but by no means the last, of Lynn's lovers. Adultery became a kind of game to her. She gave

herself, as often as she could arrange it, to many men who came to the door: delivery boys, milkmen, meter readers, even a startled young missionary who had come to hand out some religious tracts. She became quite expert in inveigling these transients into giving her a few extra minutes of their time. A whispered word, a sudden brush of her hand across the front of a man's trousers, a gown that revealed a little too much of her deep-bowled breasts, and Lynn had made another conquest.

For almost three years, then, Lynn got her excitement with gardeners and delivery boys. She willingly spread her long and lovely legs for an extraordinary horde of lovers.

And then the bubble broke.

Her husband supposedly was in Los Angeles the day it happened. He had been gone two days of an ostensible four-day trip, and Lynn was amusing herself with a grocery store boy in the downstairs television lounge. The boy was seventeen and pimply-faced, and very eager, and this was the third time Lynn had let him sleep with her. He had a girlfriend of his own age who was still a virgin, and he said he was very grateful to Lynn for teaching him the techniques of love that he would one day use on his sweetheart.

They lay twined together on the long couch. Lynn was completely naked; the delivery boy, as with most of Lynn's working-class lovers, kept his clothes on. His body flesh pressed down on hers. Her warm moist flesh welcomed him. A sigh of delight escaped her as their bodies began to move.

Eyes closed, Lynn gasped in ecstasy, her fingernails digging into the boy's arms, her hips and her buttocks tightening as passion took hold of her. His coltish, impatient first spurts he on Lynn could feel the first pulsing throbs of her fulfillment now, the initial tingles of delight.

Then he heard her husband's voice saying, "All right. Get off her, son."

It was like the stroke of a sword. The boy leaped up, red-faced, terrified as he quivered with fright. Mack stood in the doorway, grim-faced and furious. Lynn clutched at a robe to hide her nakedness, drawing her legs together, her loins aching at the incompleteness of the act.

"Get out of here," Mack said to the boy.

"If I ever catch you here again I'll kill you."

The boy fled.

The outraged husband looked at Lynn. "You scum," he muttered. "You stinking, cheating trash!"

He knew all about it.

He had known for several months, and had been meticulously gathering documentation. Lynn's dossier was enormous by now. The husband had tape-recorded statements of neighbors and even of some of Lynn's lovers; he had photographs; he had lists of all the men who had called at the house over the past five weeks, and the length of time each had stayed. And now he had the evidence of his own eyes.

It was hopeless to try to counter the divorce suit he immediately filed. Lynn's lawyer suggested that the standard tactic, when a wife is caught in *flagrante delicto*,



"Would you believe I was kidnapped by Sophia Loren and a band of roving Gypsies?"

was to pile up evidence that the husband, too, has been unfaithful. In that way, it is at least possible to prove that the husband has not come into court with clean hands. While a divorce will usually be granted, the wife has a better chance of getting a property settlement or alimony than if she is covered with sin and the husband completely virtuous.

Therefore Lynn expended such funds as were in her own name on a fruitless search for some woman who could testify she had had sex relations with Mack. It was impossible to find one. Maybe in Europe, she said hopefully, but there was no money available to extend the search to other continents. And, in any case, if Mack had had extramarital intercourse with any body he had taken good care to cover his tracks.

Lynn's only line of defense was to file a countersuit charging Mack with mental cruelty. His repeated absences from home, she said, combined with his coolness to her while he was with her, had left her so disturbed and depressed a state that she had drifted into promiscuity.

It was not much of a defense—not against Mack's gaudy documents. As the judge pointed out, if you were dissatisfied with your marriage, your recourse was in the courts, not in the arms of passing strangers.

She left her comfortable home and took up residence in a dingy one-room apartment in a residential hotel. It was the best she could afford. She had no money but that which Mack had given her. Not did she see any way of earning any. Lynn had never held a job in her life. She had no skills, no special talents. She could not type or take dictation, could not operate a switchboard, did not even remotely know how to go about looking for a job.

But there was one ability she did have. Sex.

It wasn't long before she saw that her only possible livelihood would be prostitution.

"She was on the skids in earnest."

But it couldn't last. She wasn't temperamentally suited for whoring.

Within three months after her divorce, Lynn hit absolute bottom. She bought a case of vodka, hotted up in her room for a week, and drank herself blind. When she sobriety up saw herself naked and stinking, she began to sprout in her face where none had been before, she knew that she needed help, or she would do away with herself.

That was when she came to me.

We had met socially several years before. I had never imagined I would ever see her professionally. She had seemed utterly poised, utterly self-contained, in harmony with the world about her. What I did not know then was that she had only just begun her career of adultery, and was feeling very smug and complacent about the way she was "fooling" her husband. It was that smugness that I wrongly interpreted as harmonious adjustment to the world.

Now a miserable ragged figure she appeared out the whole grim story. She left out nothing: the cockroaches in her room, the hangovers, the odors of the men who

bought her body—all these things were presented vividly and shockingly.

Lynn had collapsed into a marginal existence of despair, promiscuity and drink. The extent of her personality crisis showed in her every action. She came to appointments with me late, or forgot them entirely. She had difficulty remembering events of her past. She was repeating into a dim, shadowy world where there would be no pain or regrets.

I fought to bring her back. Somewhere under all the defeat and self-contempt, there was a strong, vital woman. Lynn had almost given up on herself entirely—but not quite. She stood at a crossroads. Ahead of her lay suicide, insanity, or rebirth as a happy woman. The third of those roads was fog-shrouded and almost impossible to see—but it existed, and I wanted Lynn to know that it existed.

Once Lynn came to grasp that, her frozen self-pitying attitude began to thaw. Her

cleaned herself up, shed the sleazy habits she had picked up while a prostitute. Much to her own surprise, she found that she could get and hold a job, as a hostess for a large firm. What was required of her was poise, breeding, and warmth, and these qualities she had in large measure.

Soon she was dating an attractive man of about forty, an executive in the company. "He's divorced," Lynn reported. "He knows I'm divorced too."

She seemed happy with him. A sexual relationship developed—not prostitution this time but just for love. Then a new crisis erupted suddenly.

"He asked me to marry him," Lynn said. "Do you want to?"

"Of course. But what should I tell him about my past? He doesn't know that I was the guilty one in the divorce. He doesn't know that I was unfaithful with everyone under the sun. Or that I was a prostitute. I know if I tell him the truth, he'll walk out on me."



"I realize that the elevator shoes gave you the self-confidence to ask me for a date—but must you wear them in bed?"

position now became "How can I ever get out of this mess?" rather than "I will never get out of this mess."

It was a step forward. But we still had a long way to go.

Under continued therapy, Lynn completely re-evaluated her life experience and began to knit together the shattered fragments of her personality. She abandoned prostitution, gave up the drinking.

"My problem," she said to me one day, "is that I pity myself too much."

It was right on the nose. She had let herself sink into a slough of dependency. She refused to believe that there was any hope for her after her divorce other than a life of corruption and foulness. She seemed to feel that she was branded with the scarlet letter of adultery.

But scarlet letters are out of fashion now. There is always a chance for redemption. A while afterwards I'm afraid, doctor, and slowly Lynn began to grope her way toward it.

She moved into a decent apartment. She

"Do you know why he got divorced?" I asked.

"No."

"Maybe he was guilty of something too," I suggested. I quoted the Biblical line: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

It worked out. They were married—and soon after adopted a child. Lynn had told her new husband in advance that she was infertile. The dead bones of the past remain buried, and there is no reason why they should emerge to haunt Lynn. With the motives for her unfaithfulness removed, she can give herself lovingly and fully to her new husband.

The woman taken in adultery can suffer harshly in the aftermath of divorce. Expelled from marriage, cast out and scorned, she suffers severe psychological problems. Sometimes the finish is drink, promiscuity, or suicide. But sometimes—with hard work and plenty of courage—there is the chance to build a new life.



Into A

Superman

Continued from page 36

United States is to retain its present position of leadership in the world, the cold war must be fought together with all that U.S. leadership means for the cause of human liberty. U.S. scientists will have to come up with technological breakthroughs on an unprecedented scale. One of these breakthroughs, perhaps the one on which researchers rely most, for the U.S. has its greatest lead here of all, is the technology of re-fabricated man, the science of building men into supermen from the ground up—and below.

Redesigning man for outer space.

The last week of August, 1965, President Lyndon Johnson finally made the official decision to go ahead with the military as well as the peaceful development of space. This decision had been hanging fire since 1955.

The most important result of the President's decision probably appears in the work of laboratories in California, Massachusetts and New York where the job of inventing the kind of human being that will survive in space goes forward. For humans as we know them may never do the job.

In the laboratories of the Convair division of General Dynamics Corporation in San Diego, four men during the spring and summer of 1965 spent varying periods of time from a few days to over a week locked inside a mock-up of a spaceship cabin. What was remarkable about this test? There was no oxygen fed into the cabin. Instead, a regenerating system built into the cabin itself transformed the poisonous carbon dioxide exhaled by the testers into fresh oxygen again, and when the men had breathed it and once more exhaled it as carbon dioxide, continued to "purify" it without ever needing the addition of fresh oxygen from an outside source.

This was the first time a perpetual refreshing of the one ingredient man cannot do without, air, has ever been worked out, though the beginnings of the system were foreshadowed in the air cleaning system built into today's long-submerging nuclear submarines. Even so this test space cabin itself only represents a beginning.

For man to comfortably exist in space, according to the work of a symposium on the Psychophysiological Aspects of Space Flight sponsored by the U.S. Air Force, it will be necessary for him to completely

redesign himself. He may begin this by building such an oxygen-rejuvenation system as the one worked out by General Dynamics, run into the cabin he lives in, but into his own body, making himself a "closed circuit" by sealing off all ways of letting his breath escape into the atmosphere and performing the necessary chemical changes by electronic and chemical devices to his own system. Or, suggest Dr. Nathan S. Kline and Manfred Clynes—both of them noted researchers in their fields—he may do away with the lung altogether. A kind of "reverse battery" would discharge the necessary carbon and oxygen directly in to the blood stream.

In June 1965 in Paris, an international conference on the problems of man in space was held and both the United States and the Soviet Union participated, together with most other major countries. This conference (the second in history—the first is scheduled for late 1967) showed that both sides in the Cold War have run into the same problems in the "space walks" taken by White, the American and Lemaire, the Russian. Despite the gravity-free condition of space, for example, both men reported a feeling of near exhaustion as they tried to make their muscles work outside the space ship. For America NASA has already come up with a 200-page report on the necessary control system, using mechanical means.

NASA considered muscle-stimulation units that astronauts operated by hand or foot by leg lead or body-twisting, even by moving the tongue, the lips or the eye balls. They worked out systems based on breath control and even on humming certain musical notes. Each human muscle when it flexes generates a minute electrical current. Picked up and amplified, these currents provide innumerable potential control systems for Buck Rogers-like, eight-jointed back packs that double and treble the work a man can do in space.

The answer NASA recommended for the time being centered on the most explicit of all controls: spoken words, picked up by machine and converted into mechanical orders electronically. The combinations possible in only 10 different words take care of all the 36 basic commands such a power system needs at present.

But, as Doctor Tobey Freedman of North American Aircraft has pointed out, the most advanced plans for the future depend

upon completely reconstructing the astronaut from the ground up. As quoted by R. Baker in the *N.Y. Times*, Dr. Freedman called his rebuilt man *Optiman*. *Optiman* would have plastic internal organs, power tools for extremities, extra computer power for his brain.

Breaking down the line between you and the machine

The patient is a Vietnam amputee. The artificial limb that is fitted to his thigh is made of steel, bone and plastic. But it is different than any other prosthetic limb made in recently as two to three years ago. For it operates electronically, and it performs nearly as many varieties of movement as the original limb did.

The patient traces the limb. He stands on it, walks with it, kicks with it. Again, there is a difference between this one and any thing like it that came before. For this limb has feedback—the patient can "feel" the resistance that it meets and he can "judge" whether he is using it correctly or not.

Finally, when the patient learns to live with his artificial limb, he finds he is controlling it not by learning a complicated system of muscular tricks with the muscles of his stump and not even by signals such as muscle-twitching or voice relays which are then amplified into electronic commands as is being planned for spacemen's use in coming years. Instead he controls it in the same way he did his natural leg by "thinking" what he wants the artificial leg to do, and letting his nervous system transmit the signals directly to the leg itself.

Does this system, of artificial limbs hooked up directly to the nerves, exist yet? If it does not yet, it will soon, according to Dr. Norbert Wiener, the Einstein-like mathematician who invented the new science of cybernetics. Wiener affirms that work by members of the Massachusetts General Hospital and M.I.T. bids fair for the development of artificial limbs which can be used in a thoroughly voluntary way by the employment of existing nerve channels.

This was a first breakdown of the line between man and machine. Here is a second, the product of a team led by an electronics engineer from the General Electric Corporation's Schenectady plant announced a different sort of addition to man's natural abilities.

G.E. Ralph Mosher called his invention the Beyond-Road Utility-Tool Extender, but that is a pretty innocuous-sounding term for what amounts to a robot nearly 20 feet high, with arms and legs, hands and changeable feet—moss-shoes feet for the Arctic, flat-bottomed feet for water travel and so forth. The initial job of describing this Defense Department-commissioned military vehicle, B.R.U.T.E. *Brute* can travel at 35 miles per hour. It can swing from tree to tree, and it can wade through swamps. Perhaps most amazing is its control system. Mosher straps him self into a kind of chair in *Brute's* head, and he moves his own body to get the results he wants. If he wants *Brute* to uproot a tree, he motions with his own hands similarly to picking a flower. The necessary

(Continued on page 42)

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about my ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence -- handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What does a "command of good English" mean?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation -- also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home -- in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: Does it really work?

Answer: Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question: How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer: In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 335 E. Lange Street, Mundelein, Ill. 60060. No salesman will call.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 83L, 335 E. Lange Street, Mundelein, Ill. 60060

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(Continued from page 40)

"judgement" to tell whether the robot is using enough force—or not enough or too much—is built into *Brute*. It can feel its way, and it communicates any resistance it meets to Mosher in the same way, by a sense of feel, scaled-down, of course, and with a cut-off point when any strain becomes excess for the human body. Says Mosher (as quoted by the journal, "The Nation"): You can't "construct a machine versatile enough by itself to make its way through sand, mud, strewn rocks, swamp or forest—and to do this without knowing what was coming next. The most advanced computer system couldn't accomplish it." But with a man controlling the machine, he says, reacting and thinking for it, then it becomes another story. GE, Mosher and the Defense Department intend using *Brute* for guerrilla warfare, but even this is only a beginning.

Just a few more of the developments now under way that tie the human nervous system directly with a robot extension of greater-than-human power include:

Automobiles that drive without any physical controls at all, depending entirely upon the commands that the driver "thinks." These same cars—or planes, or ships—would give their controller, through radar, photo-electric beams and other sensitive devices, a feedback of "road feel" that would warn of danger as much as several miles ahead.

Weapons that fire where their controller's eyes see a target, and that make all the necessary adjustments automatically for dead-center targeting every time.

Communications systems based on brain waves, so that an "executive" controller could plug in directly to his man on the spot, and coordinate the activities of a dozen men in different locations instantaneously, without the need of spoken instructions or any other kind.

Artificial hearts, lungs, kidneys, etc., and even arms, legs, fingers and thumbs, which function not only as well as the originals, but even better. Present models of such inventions concentrate on medical uses, to replace organs and limbs which don't function. But, as author D.S. Halacy among others has made plain, those handicapped by nature or by accident, rebuilt in this fashion, will one day be deliberately designed to outperform the ordinary man at special tasks, whether for scientific purposes or for military ones.

The Soviet Union has not lagged behind here. It is the world's leader in "spare parts" surgery, grafting healthy organs from the dead to the living successfully. And the Soviets have already demonstrated an electronic, nerve-controlled prosthetic hand that works.

Brains, Muscle, Energy Rated at Capacity-Plus.

What does capacity-plus mean? When it's applied to a factory, it means that the factory is not only working full shifts at full capacity, but that its rated speed, the production it was designed for, has increased beyond 100%. When a warplane rated at a three-ton load takes off with 4.5 tons in its belly, or when a racing car engine rated at 400 horsepower turns out 575 hp, the performance again is above capacity.

What does above capacity performance mean for the human body?

For the brain it means a learning and memory capacity beyond the wildest possibility of any computer or bank of computers to reproduce. Brain experts estimate that only a small portion of the over 13 million individual cells in the brain ever get used at all. Merely opening the brain to capacity or something near it would make every average man today the equivalent of an Einstein for all normal purposes.

But today's experts propose to do more than that. They have begun to learn the complicated processes of protein manufacture, chemical change, electric discharge and wave motions by which the brain does its work. Incidentally, those same chains of nucleic acid that appear in the process of sexual reproduction (DNA and its off spring, called RNA), reappear in the processes of thought and learning. Now doctors believe that by intensifying the action of these acids, they can make it possible to etch the patterns of learning faster and deeper into the brain, make a clearer, faster-performing circuit.

Researchers at Abbott Laboratories, Inc., may already have the first version of such a drug in existence today.

According to an article published in November 1965 in "Science," a journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the first sign that such a drug might be coming was when a Montreal researcher reported he had isolated acids which sharpened the ability to remember in aged people—providing they weren't senile yet. From there the next step was a series of experiments with animals (in all stages of life) by other researchers. The new drug was designed specifically to build up the capacity to learn and to remember. At this writing Abbott has come up with just such a drug, and is seeking permission to test it on humans. In fact, as you read this, reports should be reaching newspapers from a conference of the scientific association at Berkeley, California, at which the full progress on the drug will be disclosed for the first time.

Capacity-plus for the brain, then, means that within a short time it may be possible for you take something as simple as an "intelligence pill." ■ will allow you to confront a specific job with more capacity in your brain than nature originally built into it—whether the job is working out the complex mathematics of atomic physics engineering, or learning the computerized skills that will let you upgrade your job in tomorrow's competitive age of automation.

Other methods than the dramatic "smart pill" are also being studied to increase the capacity of the ordinary brain—and the genius's too. Teaching methods are due for a drastic change, experts say, as educators learn to use the discoveries of "programmed learning"—teaching machines—and of controlled environment. The difference in IQ between babies brought up in dull or in lively environments, for example, can average 10-20 points, and in some cases even double that. The prospect is that the aver-



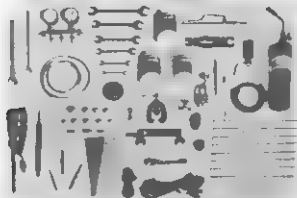
"That's my progress chart with the nurse."

(Continued on page 44)

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age man will be a lot "stronger" twenty years from now—and he will need every bit of it.

The more extensive that can be made for the ability of the brain exists for other powers, among them that's unworldly strength and his capacity to generate energy from food.

Professor Hans J. Kuhn of the Swiss (Switzerland) Institute of Physical Chemistry has estimated that living muscle in the world today generates 10 times as much mechanical energy ("horsepower") as all the machines in the world put together. Furthermore muscles are many times more efficient than machines. They convert chemical energy (food) into mechanical energy (horsepower) with no intermediate steps. Machines without exception take an indirect route very often involving heat (such as burning coal to build up steam in a boiler to drive a locomotive).

Now in their studies of this extremely economical creation of energy researchers have built models of muscles that work (as they are learning to build models of an even more efficient energy-machine the brain). One of the first lessons in muscular theory showed that the capacity of muscular strength is almost limitless. Indeed, the reason you sometimes are "weaker" than you want to be is a physiological "safety valve." If your muscle released the full force available to it, it might wrench itself off your arm.

As these physiological limits of control become better understood man's reliance of his powers of "natural muscle" will grow beyond the abilities of even the finest crop of today's athletes.

But even more interesting in the long run, researchers such as the late Professor Werner Kuhn learned how to make engines which operated on muscles do—then films of plastic which stretched or tightened with enormous force depending on the acid or alkali that touched them.

Dr. Aaron Katchalsky at the Weizmann Institute in Israel (working on a U.S. Air Force contract) has already developed a "rotary" engine which converts chemical energy directly by using such artificial muscle power. In his latest machines he has achieved nearly 70 per cent efficiency, enough to operate instruments permanently placed in spy-in-the-sky missiles, as Manned Orbital Laboratories Save Switzerland's Dr. Kuhn there is a prospect of truly large-scale engines that would use nothing more expensive than fresh and salt water in their fuels. Such machines might power the car or the helicopter, a redesigned man controls while smaller versions of the same power source planted inside his limbs double and triple his own strength at the same time.

Machines that work like muscles are, of course the only kind of chemical energy power being developed. Westinghouse has recently announced one, used in the Gemini space craft that may one day, they think replace the internal combustion engine. Their fuel cells and many other added energy sources have already been built into man's own system for experiments in re-

designing. A Farmanham heart machine, that keeps a coronary victim's heart going in the event of a sudden stroke is one such machine that's long familiar. But man people don't realize that the simple biological processes of life itself produce electricity, and that you can augment this electricity inside a man's system, making him in effect his own Consolidated Edison power generator. General Electric has already built machines that run on the power generated inside normal bodily functions. The day when the redesigned man powers his own auxiliary equipment from simple conversion of chemical energy—food—perhaps simplify it with an internally planted chemical fuel cell may be five years off or twenty. But inevitably researchers say, this development too has to arrive.

Could the U.S. lose the race to the future?

Many of the steps in the future lined here still count only as possibilities or probabilities in the minds of the scientists who work on them. Yet the statistics are mounting up on a development of a different kind for the future with a lot more weight to them: a development that sees the U.S. may be a second-class power 30 or 35 years from today. And these mundane facts are harder for an American in 1966 to believe than the most fantastic inventions coming out of the research laboratories.

In the long run world leadership goes to the country with the greatest economic strength, the greatest consumption of energy, the best manufacturing plant, the most financial wealth, the deepest "human resources." The United States has held that position for nearly 50 years now, and before the U.S. England and the rest of Europe held it without dispute. But projections into the future, such as those made by Professor J. P. Cole of Nottingham University total up such matters as reserves of oil and minerals, potential to raise food production, potential capacity to grow by these calculations, by 1980 the Communist powers could have about 66 per cent of the total industrial capacity of the world, compared with only 30 per cent in 1950.

Professor Cole is not a Communist by the way, and neither is German power expert Fritz Baade, Professor at Kiel University and member of the Bundestag, the West German House of Congress. Baade in his book "The Race of the Year 2000" adds several more "unpalatable facts," such as Population—by 2000 China and Russia together will account for half the world's population; the U.S. and West Europe for just 15 per cent. Furthermore "As regards the availability of coal and other energy resources the steel industry and the production of machine tools and power motors based upon it, by A.D. 2000 the East will have left the West far behind..." Estimates such as these are also agreed on by most other analysts who have gone into the question.

None of them men say that such statistics mean the U.S. has to "lose" the contest between East and West. Nor do they mean that the U.S. may not keep its position of leadership in the world. But these facts do show much more strongly than most Americans realize, that the struggle we are in,

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MALE stag
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though it seems to be going so well for us at the moment, is a serious one. The other side also has powerful forces that will come into play as time unfolds, forces as simple to calculate as the amount of iron ore in the ground, the amount of hydroelectric power available. The very fact that it is even possible that the U.S. might come out second-best may be news to many Americans today.

In such circumstances, the ability to redesign man to do an above-capacity job might well prove a turning-point in the struggle between Communism and Democracy.

Meanwhile, the technique of redesigning human beings is already bearing very concrete results in such fields as medicine, including some matters there wasn't room for in this article.

"Strange hanks" of frozen human limbs and vital organs, electronic exploration of the brain "emotion" drugs that control behavior and sometimes cure madness, regeneration skills that defeat the ravages of getting older, medical cures that work by changing the genetic makeup of the cell itself—these are only a few of the other ways in which science is turning man into something stronger, smarter, healthier than nature designed him to be.

If the breakthrough continues at the expected rate you and your children in 1986 will know the benefits of the first generation of fully redesigned humans brings the world has ever known.

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Life-Or-Death Daredevils

Continued from page 15

temporary. Besides stretching their feet to keep him, the skydivers had expended almost all of their ammunition. They might manage one more pop before streaking for home and that would be it. After they had gone, a Communist gunboat would be ordered back to hunt him down.

Climbing over Quangbieng on Air Rescue Service HU-16 Albatross picked up Callan's signal.

Sound like one of ours is down," the radio operator reported to the pilot, "Barnes Darnay." He was desperately turning heads, getting a fix. "I have him, signal's lost and clear flooding southeast storm clouds."

"Roger. I think I see his dye marker there off to starboard."

A few minutes after the skydivers jumped off, the Albatross started downwind. In special, steady bottom position through a wave, settled against a Veeing curtain of spray and waited up behind Callan.

"Barnes," the lieutenant said, grinning happily at members of the crew hunkering him aboard. "I love you to pieces."

And that's the way all action in the USAF, the U.S. Navy and the Vietnamese Air Force feel about the waning hours of the Air Rescue Service—Johnnie-on-the-spot searching for, finding and rescuing our downed flyers, more often than not under the guns, and names of the enemy.

With pilots of our most modern combat planes getting shot down (the exact number is still classified information), Colonel Theodore P. Tatum, Vice Commander of Air Rescue Service, whose headquarters is at Orlando Air Force Base, Florida, was ordered to place the ARS on a wartime footing and ready a unit for immediate service in Vietnam, last summer.

The ARS, a part of the Military Air Transport Service, with twelve Air Rescue Squadrons, 61 location in the U.S. Gads, Panama Canal Zone and numerous foreign countries is always ready and Tatum is an old, experienced hand at the game. He has served the world-wide rescue and recovery command in key positions since 1959, when he organized the first rescue unit in Korea. During the Korean War, he commanded the 3rd Air Rescue Squadron which in two years located and brought out some 10,000 U.S. military and civilian personnel over a thousand of them from isolated enemy lines.

It was decided to send the Fifth Air Rescue Detachment to Vietnam under Major Ronald L. Ingraham quick-thinking, resourceful, and long-trained in all phases of search and rescue operations. In October, 1960, Ingraham and his outfit quietly moved to Vietnam and established a base at Da Nang. From here they began flying

missions with two proven types of ARS aircraft.

One is the HU-43B Hoaks, the ARS's basic crash-rescue helicopter. It is turbine-powered with tandem rotors, has a range of 300 miles at over 116 mph cruise speed. It carries a pilot, copilot and two crewmen with special rescue equipment.

The other rescue craft is the fixed-wing HU-16B Albatross, an up-to-date and more versatile version of the SA-16 that Tatum employed so effectively in Korea. It is a twin-engine, 1,605 hp triphibian—the only fixed-wing aircraft that can operate from land, water, ice or snow. It has a 2,500 mile range, cruising at 175 mph, and is especially enlarged and equipped with electronic gear for some missions. It carries a five-man crew with para-rescuers.

Detachment Commander Charles H. McNeil, a Navy pilot on the carrier *Coral Sea*, was rescued by an Albatross under particularly hazardous circumstances. Attacking a bridge in North Vietnam in a strike by A-4C, Joe McNeil had made a run over the target and was pulling up when he felt his plane shudder and realized he had been hit by anti-aircraft fire.

"Eject!" ordered his squadron leader. "Eject! Your tail's in flames!"

With his tail on fire and all but shot off, McNeil headed for the South China Sea. He had nearly reached the shore line when the tail broke away and his plane spun downward out of control. Reaching for the ejection rope above his head he yanked hard. Nothing happened. He pulled an auxiliary ejection lever. The canopy popped off but McNeil found himself jammed between his seat and the instrument panel, the upper part of his body hanging outside of the plunging plane.

"For a minute I thought I was going to be torn in half," he reported later. "Then somehow I was free and drifting toward the sea close to the beach. Next thing I knew I was in the water and I could hear shots. Bullets were ricocheting in the water and I headed seaward under fire from Communist infantrymen on shore."

By this time the ARS backup plane had appeared on the scene and was preparing to pick McNeil up. It dived right into a hail of Red bullets and the pilot splashed down, but it is a hairy to snatch McNeil out of doom.

The heavy hull of the Albatross, dumping down 5,000 gallons of water to high that one of the engines was drenched. While some of the crew grabbed McNeil and hauled him aboard, one man calmly climbed out on a wing and began diving out the sparkplugs by hand. Seeing the Albatross temporarily helpless, a mortared junk armed with a 50 caliber machine gun put

out from the beach coast on shattering the ARS plane at close range.

But in the junk opened fire, one of Mr. Neil's squadron mates dived down on it and sent it to the bottom. At the same time other A-4C's blew out the hatch leaving a score of enemy dead.

The crewman on the wing cutly finished drying the sparkplugs and the Albatross took off for Da Nang where, after first aid for a torn thumb and bruised thigh, McNeil got a meal dinner.

"I don't know who that guy [on the wing] was, but he didn't seem to have any nerves at all," he said later. "He and the ARS certainly did a great deal to ensure Navy Air Force relations."

Ingraham, it should be mentioned at this point, is an rescuer about slinging out individual heroes with his outfit as he is in diverting the part he plays himself as a pilot on many rescue missions. As he goes, is the Fifth Air Rescue Detachment functions as an efficient team without any more.

Whether conditions are another important factor in contributing to the success or failure of an ARS over water operation in Vietnam, Vietnam ARS pilots are not convinced that there are few other reasons on earth—with the exception of Fortunate Street—where the sea can kick up more violently than in the Gulf of Tonkin, and the only link South China Sea, especially during the monsoon season.

While Major Bennett quickly drowned and Captain Magnusson presumably suffered the same fate after bailing out of their Thunderchiefs, Jack was with Commander William N. Donnelly, USN. The Gulf was relatively calm on that day late last March when he had to take to his "chute after leading his squadron on an air strike over North Vietnam.

For some inexplicable reason, Donnelly's squadron didn't discover he was missing until an hour and a quarter later, when it got back to the carrier *Coral Sea*. For an equally obscure reason, Donnelly's radio hailing because failed to work. The ARS backup plane didn't know he was down until his pilot was alerted by the radio operator on the carrier.

For two days, Donnelly drifted in his bay rather dingly while Ingraham and his men hunted desperately for him.

"I was wondering how the search for me was coming along," Donnelly said later. "I'm sure that if my radio had been working I'd have been picked up the same day I was hit."

I prepared a pint of water with my de-mulding kit and drank it. The only thing I had to eat was a package of "Charon." They were about twenty years old and I ate them, paper and all, but I really wasn't very hungry. A man can go thirty days without food and still survive, although I'd just as soon not do that."

It wasn't necessary. Two days later Donnelly was sighted by an ARS plane and flown to the U.S. Military Hospital at Nha Trang where he was treated for a rib laceration shoulder.

What concerned Donnelly most after his rescue was notifying his wife that he was

(Continued on page 47)

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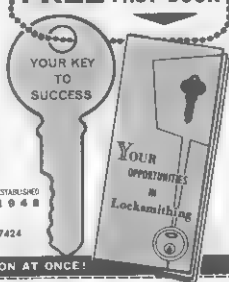
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all rights and the ARS obligingly tried to arrange for him to phone her in La Jolla, California, from Nha Trang.

"It actually worked," he said. "It was the dearest postcard I call anyone ever made. We finally got through to the operator at North Island Naval Air Station at San Diego and asked her to put me through to La Jolla."

"She said she couldn't do it, because it was a fifteen-cent toll call. I told her please not to hang up and explained the situation to her. Then she put me through to my wife. I guess she paid the fifteen cents herself."

The over land rescue operations of the ARS differ radically from its over water tactics in two major particulars. For one thing, as might be expected, Ingraham usually assigns his basic craft rescue missions, the MH-43B Huskies, to the job. They make a landing if possible; if it isn't, they hoist a rescued aviator into a hovering upper with a steel cable and winch. The Fifth has also developed several other rescue tactics which, at present, are classified.

The second major difference is in the time element. In over water missions, with in a reasonable time-dependent upon weather and other conditions—a missing aviator is presumed dead and the hunt for him is terminated. In over land operations the search goes on.

Before Ingraham and his Fifth were sent to Vietnam, the ARS studied hundreds of reports of U.S. and Allied fliers who survived crashes over military territory in the Pacific in WWII and in Korea. These reports disclosed that in many instances missing aviators succeeded in hiding in the mountains or jungles, found refuge with friendly natives, or managed to escape from prison camps and ultimately make their way back to safe territory.

One long ago Lieutenant Nink, a pilot of the Vietnamese Air Force and his crewmen, Lieutenant Phu, were shot down while flying over the area in a Mohawk light bomber. They were able to get off a May Day on their radio before bailing out. They landed safely, hid their chutes and found refuge in the thick marsh grass where searching guerrillas failed to find them.

Early the next morning, Quigley flew his Huskie over the crash area and located the blackened wreckage of the Mohawk. He began to circle, looking for any sign of the two Vietnamese fliers, and as his chopper moved off he glimpsed a flitting beam of sunlight in the reeds.

"Hello," he commented to his captain, Lieutenant Parnum. "They're signaling to us."

He changed course in the direction of the reeds. Parnum studying the light beam spoke up. "Don't make any sense. They're not sending us a message. Not even a recognition signal."

Continuing his cautious approach Quigley hovered high above the reeds. Both men scanned the reeds below them.

"See any movement down there?"

"Not a sign, skipper."

"No other do I," said Quigley. "If they

were my guys, they'd be shouting themselves. Let us what happens if we start to move off."

That did it. Seeing that the Huskie wasn't to be caught in their trap, Vietnamese guerrillas huddled up in the reeds around the helio and began firing. Their shots whistled harshly upward and the chopper lurched toward the canal area of My Tho.

Far from abandoning the hunt, Quigley returned lower in the day. This time he sighted the missing Nink and Phu hiding in a swamp about three miles from the wreckage of their Mohawk. He also discovered that the surrounding area was crawling with guerrillas. It was impossible to bring the chopper anywhere near the two men without being observed.

"Even if we'd tried to make a fast dash with a cable, they'd have been dead, skipper," V.C. he before we could winch them aboard," Quigley said afterward, "and so would we. So we had to do it the hard way."

"We took the chopper back downriver and landed near a small fishing village. It was this side of My Tho. We forced a gun boat named Cham with one of their boats that can be pulled through a heavy dory."

"Parnum wanted to go along with Cham, but I've had more experience with small boats. I've done a lot of canoeing back home in Maine, and the way it shaped up, two good paddlers might be needed before the night was over. So I told Parnum to stand by with the crew and take the chopper back to base if I didn't return by dawn."

Quigley doesn't know how many miles he paddled that night and he was often confused about where he was during the journey. Although he had tried to memorize the terrain it looked considerably different to him at ground level as starlight then it had from above in daylight. He had a general idea of the direction, however, and Cham had the instincts of a homing pigeon. Between them, they located Nink and Phu. They waded the last half mile to reach them.

"Cham spotted a V.C. camp ahead," Quigley said. "There were probably a dozen guerrillas in it. They were feeling pretty secure and didn't have anyone on watch, else I don't think we'd have made it."

Leading the way Cham detoured around the camp. They found Nink and Phu badly mosquito-bitten but otherwise all right, paddled them back to the village and the Huskie flew them home.

When the tempo of the war was stepped up in Vietnam, the Fifth Air Force Debriefing found increasing demands placed on it for one of its principal peacetime jobs—humanitarian efforts.

"The Huskie is well adapted for such missions on Vietnamese terrain," explains Ingraham. "It is useful for otherwise inaccessible landing operations. It can both hover and land or land and pick up four fliers in an ambulatory victim."

No one is more appreciative of this role of ARS's work than Reverend Nguyen Tac Hoa, the valiant fighting Catholic priest of the village of Bin Hung on the Camu Peninsula.

Rescued him in a short rescue mission when

when eyeglasses and a shirt in appearance. As a lieutenant colonel in the Chinese Nationalist Army, he had fought the Communists. Later, as a priest in North Vietnam, he had defected. Communism came over and he had led his flock northward across the border and built a village in a region that he soon discovered was overrun with Vietnamese. Determined not to live again he prepared to rout the guerrillas.

From somewhere he managed to obtain an 81 mm and a 60 mm mortar and a supply of shells. He trained gun crews, drilled his parishioners in defensive maneuvers, erected a mud wall topped with pointed stakes around the village, cleared a strip between the wall and jungle and mounted floodlights in its interior.

Under a Red leader named Dai Pang, a force of guerrillas struck last Christmas Eve while Father Hoa was celebrating the Midnight Mass. Led by the priest the villagers drove the Vietcong off.

On Christmas Day the Fifth flew in a quantity of medical supplies and plasma for wounded villagers.

"They were much needed. Father Hoa told the ARS graciously. 'Life might be provisionally arrived from the sky as it from Heaven itself.'"

For several weeks after that the village had no further trouble. Then, one evening, ARS headquarters received an urgent appeal for help in a radio message from Father Hoa: "Bin Hung under heavy Vietcong attack. Severely wounded require immediate evacuation."

Within moments a Huskie was in the air and on its way. The pilot had no difficulty in pinpointing the village. The cleared strip between the wall and jungle was brightly lit by floodlights; the battle was still raging. Both mortars were dropping shells into the nearby jungle from which the vengeful Dai Pang and his men were sporadically firing into the village. They had already taken a toll of eleven dead, seven of them women and children. Nine of the defenders, the most severely wounded, were inside the mud wall lying on the ground and waiting to be evacuated.

The Huskie came down on the floodlit strip; bullets ripped into it, hitting below in the dory.

In the first few minutes we were in the full glare of the floodlights and by a miracle no one on board was hit; and the pilot later. "We shouted for them to switch off the lights and someone did. This was only a little better. The flood lights firing from the tree line. We were now their principal target."

Then Father Hoa and one of his men dashed out with four of the wounded, badly shot-up litter case. I remember he gave us a good-bye wave and was the last one to go back to the protection of the wall. That little priest had plenty of nerve.

We took off in a hell of a hurry toward Saigon. On the way we passed planes of the Vietnamese Air Force. They did a hell of a good job planning the jungle beyond the strip. By the time the second copter landed behind them to evacuate more of the wounded, the flood had withdrawn and

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(Continued from page 43)

the 'copter sustained no ground fire."

In another humanitarian mission, the Fifth Air Rescue Detachment tried to evacuate 19 severely wounded Montagnard widows of the U.S. Army Special Forces from an isolated mountain town near the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Flying over the besieged detachment, the Huehler received a grim radio warning from the American officer in command.

"Don't try to land," he cautioned. "The situation has worsened and we're out of options."

How about pickup by cable?

Negative. They've got at least one anti-aircraft gun in the woods waiting to get a crack at you. Almost all we can hope for is a miracle.

None on hand," said the ARS pilot. "We kept his word. Before daylight the Huehler returned with a Special Forces mission who eluded into the camp."

For the next 24 hours, the besieged detachment's situation did not change to the detriment that the mission had operated on sight of the 15 Montagnard casualties. It was imperative that five of them, all with grievous wounds, be hospitalized as quickly as possible.

Once again the Huehler flew over, this time landing in a small clearing two miles away. The pilot made his way through the woods, stealthily evading Vietcong patrols. Reaching the besieged camp about 3:00 A.M., he organized an evacuation party. The five casualties were to be carried on the backs of other Montagnards, a myriad of difficulties to accompany them for protection.

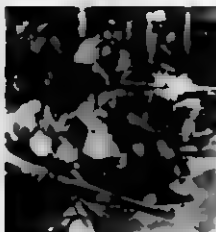
The pilot led the way back toward the 'copter, the others following in single file. They moved slowly and cautiously through the woods. Daybreak had come with drizzly showers by the time they reached the 'copter and the crew was just in a thick mountain fog.

The casualties were lifted aboard. When the 'copter tandem rotor was revved up, the chutes they made immediately alerted an enemy patrol in the vicinity. Crashing through the woods, the guerrillas dashed toward the Huehler, firing as they came on. They were answered by the Special Forces unit which quickly deployed into a defensive line.

The line held long enough for the Huehler to rise and the pilot made a slight pause that one of the rotor blades wouldn't hit one of the wounded troops. A few more minutes later and the 'copter was above the supply line, heading for Ban Me Thout.

The significance of such humanitarian missions, however, is by no means under-estimated by our diplomatic and other officials in Vietnam. The U.S. Advisory Group recently pointed out:

"In addition to the fine work being done by the Air Rescue Service in its search and rescue of our military personnel, frequently under most difficult circumstances, no operations in behalf of civilian and military Vietnamese contribute considerably to the promotion of friendly relationship. ARS humanitarian flights, often deep into enemy territory, offer unstinted demonstration of the sincerity of our interest."



car he rode in, so he was unable to get a really good look at her. He now knows, however, in all that she was as well armed as any of the others. They called her Marya, and treated her in though she were another man.

Something about the glimpse he got of her face stuck in Lacy's mind through the entire drive. Even in her soldier's outfit, she was very attractive.

He was still thinking about her after he had already been in Budapest for nearly half a day. There was little of interest to see except for some rubble where there had been fighting previously. After pouring the city for awhile, it had seemed that, except for some stray incidents, the real action was over.

Now he was not so sure. There was a large crowd, obviously in an ugly mood, gathered in the square below the windows of the room he was sharing with Carlema, another correspondent. The two of them stared out the window, both mystified about what was happening.

Just then another correspondent broke excitedly into the room.

"They've got a bunch of AVO men trapped in the cellar of the police headquarters building," he said running over to the window. "The mob is in a murderous mood. I thought I'd better come up here. No telling what might happen. They're trying to flush them out with fire hoses."

Ground around the window, they watched the drama unfolding in the square. The door of the headquarters building opened and a number of blue-uniformed police emerged, many of them pushing prisoners before them, trying to see them in helmets to ensure their escape. The sight of the armed and mobbed lines of the hangers infuriated the crowd. In an instant they exploded with pent-up fury and descended on the police like an avalanche. The AVO men did not even receive an opportunity to harm their prisoners. Almost before they could move, they were smothered by the kicking, clubbing mob and hanged in death. In a matter of minutes not one AVO man was left alive.

But the mob was not through yet. As Lacy and the other correspondents watched, another group of blue-uniformed police was herded out of the building by question. Lighters carrying Tommy-guns. The enraged crowd set upon them at once. They were shut up and hung head down

Underground

Female Barracks

(Continued from page 38)

from the narrow jump-out of tree; then they were battered and slashed to death. Eventually even Lacy, who was somewhat hardened to such sights, found it necessary to turn away. The others continued to watch in horrified horror.

There was a knock on the door. When Lacy opened it, he was struck momentarily speechless to see Marya. She entered quickly. He noticed that she was still wearing her man's uniform.

Ah hello, he finally managed to stammer. "It's Marya, isn't it? You came in with me from the border."

She nodded. Lacy was fascinated by the way her long amber hair, now no longer uncombed by a cap, swirled about her head. She seemed rather disheveled.

"Did you see what happened out there just now," she asked.

"Yes I did," Lacy answered. "Not a very pretty sight."

"Oh, I know it's incredible. We've been trying to persuade them to stop. But if you know what those damned AVO druth were like, you'd understand. I hope you'll explain that when you write it up in your news reports."

"Why don't you tell me all about it," he said.

Two hours later she was still sitting him, over a half-empty bottle of red wine. They were in a small wine cellar in a section of the city where there had been little fighting and which was still fairly intact. Marya had led him there when he asked where they could go to talk.

There were a number of dark, innocent young men seated at the small tables, many of them engaged in animated conversation. Although they all looked like students, they were obviously freedom fighters; all carried weapons. Lacy found himself liking the place and the people. Knowing what he did about the conditions under which they had lived for the last ten years, he could easily sympathize with their cause.

But he particularly noticed one man, rather older than the rest, sitting alone in a corner. Was it his imagination, or was the man watching them?

Marya was describing the AVO to him. "It is worse than the AVO," she said finally. There probably wouldn't have been any revolt. We would have been willing to talk with the Ramitas. In fact the

(Continued on page 48)

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revolt started as a peaceful demonstration. Then the AVO fired on the demonstrators with machineguns and killed hundreds. That was when the shooting began. And it still hasn't stopped completely."

"But haven't the Russians withdrawn most of their troops?"

"Yes, but the AVO is fighting on. They know that to surrender means certain death. The people hate them. And besides, the political situation is still uncertain. Nobody knows if the Russians really intend to stay out or if they are simply trying to gain time for a counter attack. For the moment we are free and the revolt is a matter of how long can a last. That's what worries us now."

"Yes. The mysterious man in the corner was nervously studying them. Lacy watched Marya closely, but she did not glance in that direction. What was going on?"

"Did you take much part in the actual fighting yourself?"

"We all fought—women, children, old and young men alike. Everyone did what he could."

"How do you happen to know so much about the AVO?"

Silently, she rolled up her sleeve and displayed a series of scars where the flesh had been burned.

"I have them on my body in various places," she said. "Fortunately, I wasn't mutilated badly like some others. But I suffered other things during my stay at the prison camp, things you must not know."

Lacy was dividing his attention between her words and the man at the far table whom he could just make out on the periphery of his vision. His sense of danger told him something was happening and that he was in the middle of it. But every thing was still deceptively calm in the room.

"But why were you taken prisoner at all, he asked."

"On no particular reason I guess. I had dropped a few remarks that might be considered counter-revolutionary—meaning unfavorable to the party bosses—but so had others. I suppose they just wanted to make an example of me, like the others they took up and tortured for a warning to the rest to behave."

"You mean they could just pick you up like that, for no reason, and hold you as long as they wanted?"

"They could have held me forever," Marya said slowly.

Then it happened, but from an entirely unexpected quarter. Lacy turned himself for a final look had been slipping his wine rapidly, not noticing that Marya had nervously touched her forehead a numbing pain was descended on him like a dead weight, crushing him down. He felt himself going under fast.

"You," he said, aware too late. His last sight was of her grey eyes watching him as he slipped off into black unconsciousness.

He awoke to the sound of voices and a hand roughly shaking his shoulder. When he opened his eyes and struggled to a sitting position he found himself surrounded by a white ring of faces. One of

them belonged to Marya. Another was that of the man in the wine cellar. Still others, as he weakly surveyed them, he identified as the freedom fighters who had driven him in from the border. All looked at him expectantly, but he maintained his silence.

"We have been discussing you, Mr. Lacy," said the man from the wine cellar, "and we seem to have reached an impasse which only you can resolve. By the way, we're sorry about using the drugged wine on you, but we had no other way of getting you here without letting you see our loss too. I'm sure you wouldn't have submitted to a blindfold without asking a lot of questions first."

"Who are you," Lacy asked.

"That's easy enough. My name is Marek, Janis Marek. All of us have our Hungarian freedom fighters."

"What do you want of me?"

"That's not an easy one. But I'll try to explain briefly—time, as they say is money of the moment," Marek paused thoughtfully.

"We have been watching you since you entered Hungary. Some of our people drove you in from the border. You made remarks to them which indicated that you are sympathetic to the revolution. You made similar remarks to Marya whom we sent in last year if possible at the wine cellar. That as it turned out, was remarkably easy," he it was, Lacy thought wryly. His hand was throbbing whatever they had put in the wine was potent stuff. He looked over at Marya, but she refused to meet his gaze. Marek continued:

"We are fairly convinced that you are what you seem to be, merely an American correspondent. Our elaborate precautions were taken in case you are anything more than that, in which case you will find that there is no way in which you can betray us. But the question remained as to whether we should trust you at all. Some of us feel that we shouldn't, but most are willing to take the risk. The stakes are worth it," he paused again and frowned.

"The freedom which our country is presently enjoying is very precarious. Almost, in fact, an illusion. The bubble may burst at any moment. We wish, if possible, to prevent that from happening."

"There is one man that we know of who could make a crucial difference in the current situation, the only leader who understands both the respect of the Russians and the enthusiasm of the people. He alone, in our opinion, is capable of successfully negotiating with the Russians while still preserving our freedom and national independence."

"I don't see what all this has got to do with me," Lacy interrupted. "Get to the point."

Marek smiled. "That's exactly what I'm trying to do, he said. "You see, we want your help. The man to whom I refer is Peter Petrusy. For some time he was president of the University in Budapest before his open and fearless criticism of Rakosi's regime caused him to be imprisoned. He is being held now in a prison camp some distance from Budapest. We intend to rescue him if we can."

"That is where you came in. We want you to enter the prison at the disguise of an AVO guard—we have a uniform and

some stolen papers for you. Your job will be to find Petrusy, if he is still alive and get him outside the prison somehow. Once that is done we will take care of the rest."

Lacy was astounded by the audacity of the plan. "But it's stupid," he protested. "I'd never get away with it. They'd be sure to see through my act."

"But if you are clever enough about it," Marek broke off and looked at him once more. "We know how dangerous it is. Any of us would be glad to take your place except that we would be recognized, for all of us have prison records. You are unknown. They are less likely to suspect you." He stood up abruptly. "There is no time for more talk. You must decide now. If you say no, we will understand you will be blindfolded and dropped somewhere in the city."

There was a long expectant pause during which Lacy's mind raced back and forth between the alternatives. He had asked to begin to speak, then hesitated again. But there was really little doubt in his mind. Fairly sure as it was he had in given them what help he could. He was sure he couldn't live with himself if he didn't. At last he spoke.

"I don't like it," he said. "But I'll do what I can."

Getting into the prison camp proved to be a simple matter. The guards who met Lacy accepted his stolen papers and uniform almost without question. He was subjected to a perfunctory interview by a prison officer who accumulated it quickly in order to ask for news of the result in Budapest. Several other guards drove near as later on Lacy described some of the things he had seen.

"I had a very nervous escape myself," he said as he finished describing the numbers of AVO members in Republic figure.

These must have been a couple of hundred killed."

"Do you think the revolt will succeed?"

"I doubt it, certainly. If you ask me, the Russians are preparing for another attack. All we need to do is sit tight."

They moved relieved by this optimistic answer. As he was led to his quarters, Lacy tried to feel equally optimistic about his own position. Outside, Marek, Marya, and the others were keeping a twenty-four hour watch for some sign from him. But how would he locate Petrusy at this large place?

The answer came later as he was being given a tour of the prison.

"That's the area for special political prisoners," his guide said, indicating a whole wing of cells. "There are some very famous people in there. I guess it just doesn't pay sometimes to be too prominent."

Lacy studied the wing carefully as they passed by and was relieved to see that each cell had a name plate on the door. He decided to wait until early morning when most of the guards would be off as the prisoners would be asleep. Then he would make his move.

For the rest of the day he looked on as the prison routine ran through its daily cycle. He was not surprised by the brutal



(Continued from page 32)

inmates he witnessed during those few hours. Prisoners were beaten with lead weighted hoses until unconscious or dead. Others had their fingernails pulled out on burning cigarettes stubbed out on their faces. This was apparently the daily fare. But Marya had prepared him adequately. It merely had the effect of making him even more determined to carry out his mission and, in the meantime, inflict what damage he could on the AVO.

He thought of Marya. Before he left them for the prison, she had unconsciously put her arms around him and kissed him. "Be sure to come back, Lacy," she had said. "It would be a shame for it all to be over before we even get a good start."

He cat-walked down the rough-hewn stone corridor, periodically glancing be-

up and down the dimly lit corridor. All clear. Soberly he released the bar and opened the door. When he was inside, he closed it again, leaving it only slightly ajar.

In a few moments he knew the worst. Petrovsky was alive, but just barely. He was unconscious, apparently from a very recent beating. He made no response when Lacy shook him.

Well, what now, Lacy wondered. I can't carry him out of here.

The hollow thud of booted feet echoed from around the bend in the corridor. Lacy acted quickly. He leaped out of the cell next to it. The prisoner started up in surprise. "What? What is it? Who are you?"

"Scram as though I'm beating you," Lacy ordered. The man caught on fast. He emitted a series of frantic screams, louder and more piercing than any of the others. The boots came on faster now, hurrying toward the sound. Suddenly, a

Lacy quickly drew his knife and slid all seven inches of the blade between the man's ribs. The huge body crumpled like a pricked balloon and fell to the floor.

Fifteen minutes later, Lacy and a group of twenty prisoners, including the staggering and still nearly unconscious Petrovsky, walked in orderly fashion out of the prison building and toward the main gate. Dawn had arrived. Already the sun was pouring down its heat.

Facinically, the tower guards watched them approach.

The trap across the compound was a small eternity. Lacy kept one eye glued to the weaving body of Petrovsky and the other fastened on the guards at the gate. He hid the safety catch of his Tommy-gun to the "off" position.

Then the ear-splitting scream went off like a bomb.

The guards, caught off balance, reacted fast, but Lacy was faster. Before they could swing their guns around again, he sprayed the tower with his Tommy-gun. The prisoner in the tower slumped over, pulling his trigger as he did so and moving down four of Lacy's group. The rest burst through the open gate and scattered.

As he jumped forward, sweeping the limp body of Petrovsky with him, Lacy realized that he had not been thorough enough. Above him one of the guards, only wounded, staggered erect and swung the machine gun on a trajectory that followed his flight with unwavering accuracy.

But then a blast of machine gun fire from the top of a small hill struck the guard with such force that it knocked him over the rail of the tower. His body splattered heavily to the ground. On the hill Lacy could see the large figure of Black with a Tommy-gun in his hands. Still carrying Petrovsky, Lacy moved in that direction. Suddenly Marya was running to meet him.

He had made it.

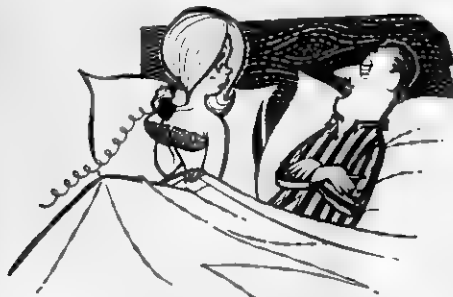
That night, as they neared Budapest, the radio crackled with the fateful news: the Russians were making no move to attack the city. Petrovsky, now fully conscious though still terribly weak, uttered the thought they all shared. "The revolt is finished!"

Lacy and Marya looked at each other over his body. "There is nothing more to keep us here," Marya said.

Along with herds of other refugees, they made it to the Austrian border. And it was not a great deal later that they were embarked on a flight from Paris to New York, and Lacy was thinking. What's past is past—for us, now, there is only the future.

The future: certain things were already clear about that. For one, a marriage, followed by a good, long honeymoon in the U.S. For another, a move that he intended to write, the tale of what he had personally witnessed in Hungary—a clear, honest account to meet the communist planted stories already being disseminated by the Red propagandists.

The rest? Well, there was no point in worrying about that. But whatever it might be, the memory of Budapest would always help them to meet it with courage and determination.



"If that's my wife tell her you're my beautiful mistress... she'll never believe it!"

himself as he went. When two guards burst suddenly around a corner, it took all his nerve not to appear startled. He brushed by them contemptuously, ignoring their probing stares, and was relieved to hear the heavy tramp of their boots fade away behind him.

He was once more in the section of the prison reserved for special political prisoners. He hurried to the cell block, reading the names one by one. His only thought now was of the job at hand.

It was not yet dawn. The prisoners were asleep. Occasionally the occupant of a cell would emit a grunt of pain or even a scream of agony, usually without even waking up. Lacy was beginning to be worried, for he had reached the end of the block without seeing Petrovsky's name. Perhaps the man was already dead?

No! There it was! The very last one "Petrovsky," he called in an urgent whisper. There was no response. Lacy glanced

up and down the dimly lit corridor. All clear. Soberly he released the bar and opened the door. When he was inside, he closed it again, leaving it only slightly ajar.

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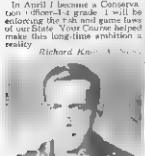
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## Downed Navy Ace

Continued from page 30

his emergency survival pack. It made him more thirty-and more delirious before he ate anything. The electrons were getting to him. Art Burri was slowly dehydrated and headed to death by the sun and the wind was yet to come.

On June 1, 1944, the only thing that concerned the tall, husky fighter pilot from Davenport, Iowa, was completing his fifth fighter mission. He'd then become eligible to wear an air medal ribbon on his uniform. The war was coming to an end and Burri, who had gotten into it late because of his youth, was determined to see as much action as possible before the Japanese threw in the towel.

Burri welcomed action. He was to get it; but not the kind of action for which he had trained and prepared. He would undergo an ordeal: battling the vicious wind and monsoon waves that knocked 21 major American warships out of action in clashing three battleships, a heavy cruiser, two destroyers, seven destroyers and a number of lesser ships.

This was the legacy of Typhoon Louise, and the adventure bordering on legend of Arthur W. Burri, a Fifth Century Seabird.

Burri finally found his long-awaited aerial combat, the only action he was to see. The earphones in his helmet crackled. "Lenny airborne!" The question on every pilot's lips: are they fighters or kamikaze? The answers aboard the B-24 threw a curtain of tracer at the attacking enemy planes, the bright red moribund on their wings flaming in the sun as they pulled out of formation and dove to attack. Burri followed his element leader toward a array of our enemy planes heading toward the Superforts. He sighed on one and thumbed his trigger button. The air filled in the wings chattered and the right wing of the enemy fighter folded and slammed against the fuselage. The Zero cartwheeled and then dropped toward the sea like a falling leaf.

"Back one the one," he shouted.

Confirmed, the flight leader snapped. Then came a third warning. "Art, one coming your way. There's a clink too." Burri twisted in the cockpit as his cockpit. He couldn't spot the attacking plane.

"Break left," his flight leader snapped. He's trying to run you? Burri didn't waste a moment. He kicked left rudder and showed the stick in the same direction. But he was too late. The kamikaze missed a direct collision, which would have blown both planes out of the sky. Instead, the wing of the enemy plane cut through the tail section of Burri's Mustang shearing rudder and elevator.

The Jap pilot went to his death strapped in the cockpit of his falling aircraft. Burri

layed out and let himself lose. He didn't see much horizon. He was close enough to the water now. At 2,000 feet he yanked the rudder. When he slid into the water, he flung his arms wide and the harness pulled away from his body. He automatically popped the inflation cartridges on his life vest. Life vest and quickly inflated to the surface. He a rubber ball and inflated his life raft.

Horricane "Louise" began to kick up two hours in the Philippine Sea on the day that Art Burri took off on his fifth mission. The storm swept along the islands and ripped into coast areas. Quickest boats were swirling through the air. Typhoon Louise grew locally adolescent and moved eastward toward Saipan, kicking up waves as she raced along. After she hit the island, before doubling back westward again, she began to wreak all the havoc of her howling maturity. On Saipan the ripped sheets of aerial off the huge bombed-out hangars built by the Japanese who had been pushed off the island the year before. U.S. Army and Navy aircraft tied down on the air fields were pulled apart and turned round like dried wood.

Small craft were torn from their moorings and pitched crazily in the monsoon seas. Wind instruments were also blown away after registering a steady blow of 110 miles an hour and gusting gusts as high as 170 m.p.h.

In the waters off Formosa stood Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet flagship, the command post for the huge armada that was poised and ready to launch a final blow against Japan. An aide handed a report to the preppy naval hero. It told all about Louise. "How serious? Halsey asked.

"It's the worst in 50 years," the aide replied.

"Message the fleet to ride it out," Halsey ordered. "Suspend all combat operations until the storm has passed."

Further to the south the warships began to pitch and roll. Scinging sheets of rain reduced visibility to zero, cutting each ship off from its neighbor. Waves 300 feet high began slamming across the decks, battering in steel plates.

Typhoon Louise still had a long way to go before her date with Burri. The downed pilot had other problems that at the moment were to him more serious than the storm that he was not yet aware of. He looked at his watch on that first day of June. Eight hours had passed since he had bailed out. The sea was unusually quiet. His eyes swept over the bright water squinting as he tried to make out the horizon ill-defined because of the haze produced by the blowing rain. Burri began to scan the sea closer to his raft. A black

object cut through the water about 100 feet away. He blinked. It didn't go away. "Shit!" he thought to himself and stuttered in the heat. He pulled his legs close to his body and gripped them with both arms. He looked around again. A length of nylon parachute cord had snagged on the clipboard holder sewn on his flying suit. He pulled in the cord. It was six feet long. He tied one end of the line to the raft and the other end around his waist in a move that later was to save his life.

Burri was now left with his thoughts. He was sure that somebody had seen him bail out. Anyway he reasoned, he was on a well-traveled route. Bombers flew overhead each day on their missions to Japan. Somebody would see him. He was wrong on both counts. Actually, nobody had seen him bail out. His element leader returned with a report that Burri had been killed in action. As for being seen from 25,000 feet, the crews of the bombers and fighters preferred to focus their attention on the sky from where the danger would appear rather than on the sea below.

Burri turned his attention to the life raft's scanty survival kit and began finger-tag on contents. He had everything but water. Well, he would surely be picked up the next day. He slept that night sprawled in the over-torn raft. The sea around him began to heave in a deepening swell. He heaved, the young pilot slept oblivion to the screaming motion of the raft.

June 3rd was calm and quiet. The sun bright and wouldn't permit Burri to sleep. He wanted to take off his flying suit, but reason prevailed. Damn! I'll be heeled well done by the sun," he told himself. "Have to keep it on and sit it out." Suddenly that gremlin began to appose and talk to him.

"Hey, Burri," the apparition sneered. "I bet you don't know where you are? But I do. Where's the nearest land? Buddy, it's that way Japan's that way too."

The gremlin pointed beyond Burri's head. "You know," it said, "I think that they've reported you were KIA. That's why they won't bother looking for you. Buddy, you're dead!"

Burri shook his head. "No, no," he shouted. "You're a goddam liar. I'm alive. They'll find me. The rescue planes will come. Where's the goddam rescue plane?"

He began to mumble drunkenly. Typhoon Louise was heading northeast toward the Third Fleet. She met a collision course for the Fast Carrier Task Force Group commanded by Rear Admiral J. J. "Jocko" Clark, and the Cheever admiral got it head on.

East of the Ryukyu Islands behind the tiny life raft directly in the path of Louise, Burri's dose was too overpowering. He would never know Louise intimately, as only a man can who has slept with a woman. Only Louise wouldn't give Burri much sleep, for now man who slept while in her grasp was as good as dead.

The sea began to whip up on the morning of June 4th. Burri now was in and shape. Water would have helped, but there was none. Then he heard the majesty of

(Continued on page 58)



# Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

By J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute



And I mean profits for you—no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 700 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour—in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



THE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming—because the *use* of appliances is increasing. One thing naturally follows the other. In addition to the 700,000,000 appliances already sold, this year alone will see sales of 80 million new appliances. For example, 6,500,000 new coffee makers, over 3,000,000 new room air conditioners, 1,400,000 new clothes dryers. A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these. And I want to tell you why that man can be you—even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now.

## A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately \$648 of which \$510 was clear. I work only part time." And to take a big jump out to Oregon, here's one from Oscar W. Wikman of Astoria: "I can't do hard manual labor.

That's why I'm more than thankful for your appliance course. It actually put me back on my feet. I started a full-time repair shop half-way through the course and make as high as \$30 some days."

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D. Pettis, of Bradley, Illinois, wrote to me is this: "I had practically no knowledge of any kind of repair work. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off—and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in my basement."

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low-flying planes. He pulled out one of the four signal flares in the survival kit and fired it. But the aircraft passed on without spotting the red ball of fire whose light was actually absorbed by the bright June sun. Burri was beyond despair.

Later that day he spotted the mast lights of a ship. He reached for a flare. There was nothing. Suddenly he realized that he was soaking wet, that the sea had been washing across the raft and that his emergency supplies had been washed overboard. He blew under the signal whistle attached to the Mac West but the gusty winds and noisily churning high sea drowned out the sound for help. Help was so near, and yet so far. Each time the flimsy rubber raft rode the crest of a wave, Burri could make out figures on the deck of what turned out to be an American destroyer. But nobody saw him.

Ten miles away the U.S.S. *Trusta*, a Third Fleet submarine was winding up its patrol because of the Typhoon Lt. Commander Frank Hopkins, a lean, wiry and prematurely grey skipper at the tender age of 30, noted the barometer. It had nosedived 25 points in an hour. "This doesn't look too good, far," the sub's skipper commented to his executive officer, 26-year-old Lt. Farrell Dumm, Jr. "Anytime from the Flats!"

"Nothing, Skipper. Just the original order to take all precautions," the exec replied. "Wind velocity is hitting 100 knots now, and I've just come down from topside. Those waves are as big as skyscrapers. What do we do now?"

"Take her down to 200 feet. We'll ride it out down there."

Seated in his tiny raft, Art Burri's lungs clucked the inflated rubber bladders of shrieking wind virtually skinned it along the deep, through until it reached a point beneath a tremendous wave that would break and topple tons of water on its pathetic passenger. The weight of the water would push the weakened pilot and his raft under water. But his life vest and the raft would combine to pull him to the surface, gasping for air and choking on the salt water that he couldn't keep out of his mouth and nostrils.

The hot sun during the previous 34 days had dried out and cracked the skin on Burri's bearded face and hot red hands. Now the salt spray hit the raw cuts in his skin with all the force of a blast of air and detergent used to clean an old movie building. The blown spray seared the skin, and he screamed in agony as the wind whipped the cries of pain from his mouth.

For more times than he could count huge waves would lift him a hundred feet or more to a towering crest and then drop him with express-train speed as the churning white rollers lapped behind the raft moving fast before spilling over the pilot, tossing him off the orange rubber pad. But the nylon cord saved him.

Each time Burri was slammed off the raft, it would finally rise to the surface like a rubber ball, putting him with it. He'd struggle to pull himself aboard. Sometimes he made it. Sometimes he didn't. Soon he lost all trace of time. He just grasped the

raft and hung on when possible, catching clucking gasping for breath and fighting off the terrible beltings of Typhoon Louise.

For Burri there was no memory of when the storm ended. His battered body lay crumpled in the raft. But he had been. He was alive.

The sun was shining again and the sea was calm following the typhoon that went on to capsize itself by slashing through bomb and beaten Japan. With the sea calm once again, Burri slept fitfully although haunted by his superhuman battle to remain alive. His gremlin appeared again. "Buddy, you're dead!" the apparition declared.

"Bull . . . !" Burri exclaimed.

Burri was very much alive. "If I be rescued, I'll be rescued," he kept repeating to his gremlin. He could hear rescue planes overhead. He called out to them. They were just over the horizon now. They were coming. He awoke with a start and squinted in the bright light.



"—and from my Uncle Harry, a two-year's supply of birth control pills."

"My fellow, he shouted incoherently. He could hear them laughing and talking. They were having a party. He knew his buddies would come. They never threw a party without him. He got angry. They never threw a party without inviting him.

The *Trusta* remained submerged all of June 5th and through the night and early morning of June 6th, surfacing at 10:00 a.m. in clear seas.

Shortly after the *Trusta* surfaced, a member of the crew on watch on the conning tower bridge focused his binoculars on a spot of yellow bubbling gently in the sea. "I think I see a raft, sir," he advised the skipper on the phone. "Maybe it's a drowned pilot."

Lt. Dr. Hopkins climbed to the bridge. He focused his binoculars on the raft. "It's a raft and somebody's aboard," he replied to the man on watch. "Let's pick him up." The *Trusta* turned in the direction of the raft. The exec joined the skipper on the bridge. "Looks like one of our pilots," Lt.

Dumm said. "He must have bailed out a few hours ago."

"I wonder," the skipper replied. "I think it's too soon after the storm for us to have begun aerial operations again. He looks dead."

But the dead man aboard the raft slowly pushed himself to a sitting position. "Don't let all fellows," he raved, "you can't have a party without me. C'mon fellows, wait for me."

The *Trusta* slowly moved toward the lifeless hobbler in the calm water. A man reached out with a pole and pulled the raft alongside. The skipper of the sub called out to his men to hurry up and get the man on the raft on deck. The untended bundle of clothing raised its head.

"I knew you'd come," Art Burri croaked. He pulled himself aboard with the help of outstretched arms. His face, beneath the beard was a mass of raw flesh. He barely moved his cracked lips. "I knew you'd come," he repeated and pitched forward on his face.

"Get on below," Hopkins called out from the conning tower bridge. He ordered the *Trusta* to submerge and climbed below. "We've put that pilot in sick bay," Dumm reported to his skipper. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Hopkins nodded.

"He rode out the typhoon," the *Trusta*'s captain nodded. "We've retrieved one of our own from the sea and the storm."

The *Trusta* reduced the good news to the Third Fleet flagships. The sea had given up an American pilot who had been reported dead. Just as the sea had, after Typhoon Louise had blown herself out given up the bow of the *Pittsburgh*. A message had just been received from a recognition net. "Sighted survivors of *Pittsburgh* and have taken it in tow."

There was a party aboard the crippled cruiser. But not like the one aboard the *Trusta*. When Art Burri finally came to a few days later, the crew gave him a blow out.

The fringing on the cable read: "TY-PHOON BURRI KIA."

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## "Love Break" Girls

Continued from page 10

ahead I'll listen," she smiled broadly. "This is a new service developed to increase sales efficiency. We guarantee satisfaction, or there's no charge."

That "satisfaction or no charge" angle impressed Tulliver. Services come high and are never guaranteed. He nodded, his eyes wandering down to her crossed legs. Dora, what a lot of nerve.

"Mr. Tulliver, you know from experience that there are certain times during the day when a salesman is tired, depressed. His efficiency is impaired for a period of hours until he recovers the necessary aggressive attitude that makes for sales. During this period of the doldrums, he's not worth anything. He might just as well be sitting in his car. Isn't this true?"

Yes, true, he nodded mechanically. Dora leaned forward in the chair while she wore nothing under the net jacket and was built along the lines of Venusian there was quite a view. Tulliver's gaze swung up. Dora watched where he was looking. Her blue eyes lost their look of shy innocence.

"On the executive level," she continued huskily, "it's even more important to maintain a high rate of efficiency. During those low points in the day you are liable to make mistakes . . . bad judgments, wrong decisions. There could be . . . well, a real . . ."

Sudden fear filled Mr. Tulliver, the fear that cuts at every newly appointed executive. He had been promoted to the administrative level only three months back, and knew he was still on probation. Right now he was in the middle of a reorganization, was pushing hard to prove to the higher echelons that they had put the right man in the right job. He had to rack up new sales records as positive proof. That's why Dora Reynolds' business card with its "Put Power In Your Sales" slogan had interested him.

His emotions fluctuated back and forth like a pendulum of a clock. Fear shook his belly, bending his upper lip with sweat. Here he was sitting across from one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen in his life and he had shudders. He was confused and vulnerable.

"So, Dora smiled brightly, cool, uninterested around to his side of the desk and leaned over him. Tulliver had to sit back in his chair. The pendulum of his emotions swung from fear to naked desire. He didn't realize it, but he had just been put through a carefully conceived mental mangle was in no condition to resist a sexual pitch. His emotions were plainly written on his face. Wouldn't it be . . . beneficial, Dora's husky voice was loaded with innuendo, "if these . . . such . . . problems could be, well, eliminated?"

Dora sat on the arm of his chair. Her hand caressed his neck, all her soft weight pressed against him.

"That's the center of our program," she whispered in his ear. Tulliver watched her hypnotized as she uncoiled her hair and shook it out, then slowly unbuttoned her jacket. "Satisfaction guaranteed," she murmured. "Or no charge."

Complete satisfaction was Dora's motto and that's what she gave Tulliver had to admit. As she dreamed she suggested, "Perhaps you have some friends who could use my service."

Tulliver grinned, picked up the phone to call his opposite number in a plastics manufacturing concern. "Bob!" he cried joyfully. "I have a gal here with a terrific sales idea. Suppose I send her over."

After he hung up, Dora asked, "Would you like to see me again?"

"Twice a week will be just fine."

Dora wrote his name down in her appointment book and was suddenly all business. "Now you have a sales promotion account. Give me a voucher on the cashier's office. Make it out to my company."

Tulliver was a little stunned then remembered that, after all, it wasn't his money. He wrote out the voucher a perfectly legal piece of paper that would pass the scrutiny of any sharp-eyed accountant. It was for "services" and there's nothing tangible in services. Furthermore, it was made out not to an individual, but to a company.

Dora was actually a corporation under the laws of New York State. Her rather shady lawyer who had set up the corporation held one percent of the business, and her alcoholic father would sign anything that brought in money, but the other one percent legitimate merchandising services came high, even on a free-lance basis. Dora never asked for less than \$175, or more than \$250. Any more might not be so easily explained.

Her provocative business card gained her admittance to well-guarded executive offices three inside Dora could really operate. Soon she was making between two and three thousand a week lived in a luxurious penthouse near Central Park. The one who actually funded the bill for all this was Uncle Sam since Dora's "services"—paid for by company vouchers—were tax deductible.

Again it was the money in her racket that bothered Dora. Since she was a legitimate corporation she had to pay corporate taxes as well as income taxes. Finally she got around that by setting up a number of phony corporations with most cheap ad-

dresses. This arrangement satisfied her greed for awhile.

But just for awhile. Dora's greed, like her cleverness knew no limits, and it didn't take her long to figure out a new twist to the old badger. With the New Year of 1960, she sat down and studiously upped her customers into two groups: "guys" and "ghoms."

The "guys" were men who had come up the hard way, struggled to make the grade. Dora realized they were potentially dangerous and wouldn't stand for any funny business that would threaten their jobs. They were safe from her new scheme.

The "ghoms" were her target. These were the men who had reached executive level at a comparatively young age. All of them were vulnerable. They had positions in protection status wives and children in shield from the least of scandal.

Dora's next move was to buy an expensive little blinder camera. Then she visited a photographic technician possessed by private detective agencies. She pointed herself off as an insurance investigator, flashing some phony credentials. The technician installed the camera in her voluminous handbag, the lens disguised in a piece of jewelry and a timer mechanism actuated the opening and closing every thirty seconds.

Dora always gave her customers satisfaction as guaranteed, but on a maximum amount of time. Now her tactics changed. After placing her handbag in a strategic position, she fired, zoom, did a slow motion snap in a beautifully executed stall that gave the camera plenty of time to catch all the action. Invariably, there was a shot of Dora and the John sitting in the mode side by side on the office couch.

An ambitious girl Dora was always on the lookout for likely customers, like Ed, the young owner of an engineering consultant firm in midtown Manhattan. The first time they met, Dora didn't have to use any sales pitch on him. He sat on the arm of her chair. He unbuttoned her hair, unbuttoned her jacket.

Quickly Dora moved him to her "ghom" list. He owned what was obviously an up and coming business. On his desk were two photographs, one of a pretty smiling businesswoman—his wife obviously—the other of two children, a boy and a girl. His home address was one of those expensive new buildings in Greenwich Village.

Ed had a lot to protect, a lot to lose.

Dora's main problem was getting the incriminating pictures. Ed was impatient and a fast worker. He would grab her shoulder bag and toss it into a chair, and have her half undressed before she could act. It took three visits but she finally managed to get up her camera.

Dora visited Ed's office with the pictures on Feb. 12, 1964. She stopped his rush to building up one of the photos. He halted as if he had run into a brick wall.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "What is this?"

"Sit down," Dora said coldly, and took a seat for herself.

Ed went around his desk. His face was a frozen mask. "All right! What's the name of the game?"

(Continued on page 62)



(Continued from page 60)

"Blackmail!" she said plainly.

"Why me, sister? You've been well paid."

"And I'm going to get paid better. I've got my future to consider. How many years do you think I've got?"

"How much?" he asked bluntly.

"Five thousand," Dora answered just as bluntly.

"I suppose that doesn't buy the negatives."

"Of course not. It's \$250 a week from then on, or I mail these pictures to your wife. I'll be cheaper to pay me than get a divorce and pay alimony."

"My wife, eh? You'd do that to me?"

"Definitely. I also know some of your best clients. An anonymous letter from me with the photos enclosed and they might reconsider doing business with your company. She stood, smiled at him sweetly

you don't give me that envelope with five grand in five seconds, I'm going to smear you like butter. Give!"

Ed was stubborn. "But what have you really got on me that I should turn over five thousand to you?"

Dora's voice dropped threateningly. "I'll explain it to you for the last time. I have photos that implicate you with me sexually. If you don't give me that envelope now, I'm mailing copies of those photos to your wife and to your top clients. Now give me that envelope, or I'm mailing some envelopes of my own."

"I only saw one picture," Ed stalled.

"Maybe it wasn't me."

"It was. You can depend on it. I have others."

"Can I see them? I ought to have the full set for five grand."

Dora stormed to the door. "You can see them when your wife shows them to you."

stared at them, backed up, then shrugged.

A detective grinned at her. "You came through loud and clear, admitting extortion. That's the charge we're arresting you on. I've got to warn you that anything more you say can be used as evidence."

Dora snorted. "I've already said enough with my big mouth. I want to call my lawyer."

"At the station house, the policeman said."

In Chicago, office-to-office sex-peddling works rather differently. All rackets in Chicago are organized, and you can't beat a well-planned organization. The vice lords saw the tremendous potential in Dora Rey, sold the original scheme and decided to go in for it in a big way. With careful preparation, it could become one of their great money sources.

From all the information that can be obtained, the vice lords proceeded slowly and shrewdly. Molly, one of the madams of the more exclusive houses, was chosen in front of the new operation. A personable gal in her late 30s, brainy, jowless, drive, Molly was sent to school. At La Salle and the University of Chicago, she took numerous psychology courses on a non-matriculating basis. In addition, she attended lectures given by sales merchandising organizations. This was a full time job for Molly, nine to five, five days per week. All this while her expenses were paid and she received a very handsome salary. Once a month she had to report to the vice boys on her progress, and it was they who graded her. Molly had been chosen for brains, and it was fortunate for her that she stayed near the top of her class.

In the meantime other smart girls were selected from the vice ring's houses of prostitution and call girl ranks, and put on a standby basis. It took Molly a full year to absorb most of the intricacies of the sales game. She then instituted intensive three-month instruction programs for the selected girls. This gives you an idea of some of the care and money that was poured into the operation. Of course, the Chicago racketeers always expect a big return on their investments, and this one gave every assurance of large profits.

Molly was given letters of recommendation from legitimate concerns that the racketeer controlled. These gained her admittance into executive offices of large manufacturing concerns and around Chicago. Armed with a portfolio of graphs that showed forged results, Molly made a very flashy pitch, promising a high rise in sales and using the phony graphs as a persuader.

A number of manufacturers took the bait. All were in direct competition with other firms somewhere in the country and anything that promised an edge over a competitor was of interest. Molly offered them that edge. This was not a sex swindle. It was an open and above board operation offering "the newest methods of salesmanship and the retraining of sales employees."

The word "sex" was not mentioned. Not yet. The vice lords stayed in the back ground where they would remain. They had invested tens of thousands of dollars and fifteen months of time. They had con-



*I borrowed the money to get married on from a loan company. What I want to know is, did they really have the right to repossess my wife, just because I missed a payment?"*

"You've got one week to raise the money."

"His face had hardened to granite. 'All right, get out.'"

Dora turned at the door. "Don't forget. I'll be back in a week."

"I won't," Ed said. "I'll be here for you," he promised.

Ed was at his drawing board a week later, sitting on a draftsman's stool, when Dora returned. A thick white envelope was sticking out of his back pocket.

"Hello, darling," Dora said, reaching for the envelope. "Is that mine?"

Ed spun so the envelope was out of her reach. "Not yet. I want to get some things straight first."

"Such as, exactly what am I getting for my money?"

"Protection, you darling sucker."

"Protection from what?"

Dora was irritated at the delay in the proceedings. "Listen carefully, sucker. If

"All right! Ed shouted, holding up the envelope and shaking it. 'Here it is. But I still want a full set of pictures.'"

Dora walked to the drafting table, opened her bag and lined up photographic enlargements. "There they are. You can identify yourself easily enough. Drop the money in my purse and you've bought them."

"I'd like to make a deal with you for the negatives."

"Nothing doing. Two hundred fifty a week and I'm a good little girl with a closed mouth."

"Yeah, but for how long?"

"As long as you can pay and I can spend. Give with the money. I've got other appointments."

O.K. sweetheart," Ed put the envelope in her shoulder bag. "It's been nice knowing you. He raised his voice. "Heard enough, boys?"

The closet door opened. A uniformed policeman and two detectives from the District Attorney's squad walked out. Dora

silence in the program. They waited for the profits to roll in. Their accumulated business experience and many ran legitimate enterprises—said they couldn't lose.

Molly, the resourceful front girl and apparent head of the service, gave lectures to executives directly concerned with sales. She proved to them that a prospective customer has a listening span of only seconds and a sales representative has to hammer home his main points in that limited time. He then has to reiterate the points constantly so that they will "X" themselves in the prospect's mind. Then the salesman pulls out the contract and as he keeps talking jovially, nonchalantly marks a big "X" where the customer's name goes and passes it over, telling him to sign it—the ultimate in the affirmative approach.

Molly proved that seven times out of ten the prospect will do so. Or, if a purchase order is needed, at this same crucial moment the salesman pulls out his order pad, says he's putting down the prospect for a dozen or two gross, or whatever. "As a trial order and add," "What purchase order number do I use?"

Molly's system was tried and found to be amazingly effective. Salesmen were brought in from all over the country, the company paying the expenses. Molly charged a mill fee but, according to all reports, was worth it. She had her customers hooked and now rang in the girls.

Molly suggested "private instructions" as a supplement to the lectures. These private instructions took place in hotel rooms. The salesman usually initiated because his free time was utilized for training, was surprised and pleased to see a doll enter his room. Immediately, thoughts that had nothing to do with sales entered his mind, but he was soon dissuaded from those ideas by the efficient instructions.

"Now," the instructress opened her training material on a table "sit over there and we'll run through the major points of the sales program." And they did for at least an hour of intensive work.

After that, the instructress smiled and handed drinks were in order. Over drinks, winter or summer, the room was always hot. Off came the efficient looking jacket. Invariably the blouse underneath was transparent. If the salesman still didn't get it, the instructress damned near stripped and seduced him. The psychological reasoning behind this sexual approach was to give the salesman a lesson he'd never forget. He learned a new way of selling at the table and it was impressed upon him in bed.

Molly is so successful she has legitimate sales management organizations on the run despite her much greater fees. While her methods aren't ethical, everybody's happy—except the vice lords with their fat purses.

Nowadays, in most major manufacturing centers, the executive motto seems to be: "Let's get the damn thing out of a coffee break." Executives have shown that sex is the greatest sales stimulator there is.

Dora Reynolds discovered the fact in dependently. Molly's success would seem to indicate that there's nothing better for that let-down feeling than when a "sex-sales lady" lets down her hair.



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time time as the Corvair nuts were going into the Corvair another, less publicized aspect of the \$2.5 billion auto business was also reaching legal attention for the first time. This covered in a series of suits — one of them awarding damages of \$65,000 — on a car that cost only \$41.20 in the first place—the question not only of a manufacturer's responsibility to customer but of a dealer's responsibility as well. In California, a special committee of the legislature exposed shady practices with which high-pressure, high-volume auto dealers bilked customers, some of whom should never have been buying a car in the first place.

Due to these investigations the auto industry has undergone an exposure in the light of day. When you go into an automobile showroom, and look at a 1960 Corvair (a car which has had the kinks ironed out of it the top experts agree), or at any other car you have to wonder whether you are buying a potential death trap or a serviceable vehicle. When the dealer talks terms with you, you have to wonder whether he really is leveling with you, or if he has doped out a way to "take" you, some way that he has concealed in legal-sounding documents which you only half understand.

The answers to these questions, when all mean hundreds of dollars worth of difference to you—and just possibly can add up to a matter of life and death.

Further tricks that cost you money when you are buying—

One of the least publicized areas of automobile gyping starts the moment you decide to buy a car, new or used, starts, in fact, the minute you walk into a showroom. It is the area of dishonest tricks that deal men will use to get you to buy a car. This writer to cite one example experimented by checking 1961 Corvairs on a half-dozen lots and asking dealers, even after the newspaper publicity about the car if they had heard anything about difficulties in the auto's handling. Not one of them admitted to having heard anything about it. It is only a small example but it is a typical one. The serious cases that research has uncovered are a lot more serious than that, and a lot less easy to spot.

Recently a lady in California drove her old car into a large dealer's and said she was considering buying a new one. The lady looked around the showroom and decided she didn't want to buy just yet. But when she looked for her old car, that she

dealers were supposed to have parked, the dealer's find it. She went back to get the salesman who had been talking to her, but she couldn't find him. When she asked the manager of the place what had happened to her car, he suggested another salesman. But then she couldn't find him—and meanwhile, the hours continued to roll by. After two and a half hours in the place during which mysteriously no one could find her original car, the lady decided to buy a new one. She signed the contract, was told she could drive her new car home, went out to the new car—and there on the front seat he sat her, neatly wrapped into a small bundle, were all the small possessions taken from the glove compartment and rear seat of her old car. In other words, the dealers had known where it was all the time, and they had hatched on the lady's impatience with not being allowed to go home when she wanted to in help them make the sale.

What the dealers had not reckoned on was that the old lady would recognize the technique, and testify to it later in a special California state investigating panel.

What happened in this case, the California commission later wrote, is referred to by the dealers themselves as *unhitching*. It means getting a customer away from his car by hook or crook for as long a period as possible, tying him out and getting him used to the idea of driving home in that new car at the same time.

What happened in this California lady was still fairly honest compared to other

## Sucker For Auto Gype

Continued from page 36

versions of the technique. One that has been described in an account of some dealer practices is a variation that is strictly dishonest, but still widely practiced. The customer comes in, decides that he wants to buy a new car but says that he simply can't go the extra \$150-\$200 the dealer has at ready stretched him beyond his original limit. The dealer takes the customer aside, and together they have another look at the used car the customer has brought in for trade. Suddenly the dealer decides he is going to give the customer "a break."

"Look here," he says. "I know the used car market fairly well and in about two weeks it's going to be a lot better than it is today. . . . Why don't you leave your old car with me, and I'll see if I can't get you another \$150 on it on the lot about two weeks from now. Meanwhile, you can take that new car home with you and if when you come back, you don't want to make a deal, why I'll just take that risk."

What if I want to change my mind? the customer says.

"Minor you're not obligated to anything till you sign these final papers," the dealer says. "You couldn't get a better deal than that a new car to drive while you're deciding what you want to do."

If the customer agrees to the deal, when he gets back to the lot a couple of weeks later he'll find that his car didn't bring any more than the dealer estimated. It may have brought less—but now he has no old car and in the meantime he's grown used to driving that flashy new car around, shown it to all his friends. If the dealer has a fast enough tongue—and he has—the customer shells out the extra \$150-\$200, not that's that!

Why won't he sell the car to you for cash?

It's worth your time to watch your step with that phrase, or *term* man as he's sometimes called, especially. A little experiment you can perform that will drive auto dealers crazy will show you why.

Step, then a large-volume auto dealer's if you want to buy a car and start leaning around for the deal you want. Drive as hard a bargain as you can, and pull one small deception left the dealer, when he pushes you to find out you're intentions that you don't think you can swing a deal on cash terms, that you want to buy the car on future payments if you can. Watch the price of the car come down, and the value the dealer assigns to your trade-in go up. Then at the last minute, when the whole thing is set up, tell the dealer you've changed your mind now about buying the car but about the way you want to buy it. Tell him you've decided to buy for cash. Nine times out of ten if he's really a swamping dealer who's pushing the cars as fast as he can the dealer will back out. Or maybe the way it will work out is by another favorite trick of the fun operator the salesman will go to the dealer to have the papers "OK'd" and the boss will suddenly explode "There's been a mistake, he'll say, and he'll raise the price and hand out the salesman in front of you. The idea is to get you to go ahead with a higher price and it often works. But one thing's more the dealer won't sell at the more low price he cash.

Most people don't register at this point

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time the biggest price of the profit the dealer makes on selling you a car comes from selling you the finance terms—He may even make nothing at all on the car, at the price, if he were selling for cash. Or, as testimony before the Hochstadter Committee in California put it (a dealer testifying):

**Question:** "Let me get this straight. You mean if I wanted to buy a car from you for cash you wouldn't sell me one?"

**Answer:** "I am in this business to make money. If I sell you a car, I have to make a profit on it any way I can."

**Question:** "And selling me a car for cash, you would not be making a profit?"

**Answer:** "The cost of the credit is a legitimate part of the profit and that is where I make my profit. If I sold you a car at the same price for cash, I would not be making any money."

Again, it's something that most people never bother to figure out, but if you multiply all those months of \$45 per month for 36 months or so, plus a big down payment and maybe a "balloon payment" in the last month you come up with considerably more than the original value of the car. And sometimes the dealer goes you to take out additional loans, to help cover the cost of the down payment, or to immediately wear down, or to have insurance with the help arrange them with a finance company and he takes his cut.

#### The auto safety story—

In March and April of 1966, a shocking story came to light during testimony in one of the hearing rooms of a Senate committee investigating auto safety. A young man named Ralph Nader, testifying before Senator Birchfield and others, charged that the automobile industry had paid private detectives to track down the intimate details of his life, even of his sex life, in the hope of finding something scandalous to use against him. The auto companies promptly denied that any such investigation had taken place—and then, as testimony before this same committee, the largest auto maker of them all, General Motors, withdrew that denial and admitted that it had hired the private detective agency through its lawyers. The detectives, said the company, had "gone too far" and the president of the company, James Roche, made a public apology to Nader for what had happened.

This seemingly small incident was to have significantly wide repercussions.

What had Nader done to deserve this special treatment from America's biggest corporation? He had written a book, "Unsafe at any speed," which documented the story of auto safety in the U.S. He included a full chapter denouncing the story of the Corvair, charging that General Motors, its maker, had known of the dangers in the car right along, and had allegedly failed to provide the necessary safety factors in time in order to maximize its profits on each sale. The full scope of his accusations may never be completely proven. But meanwhile Nader had dug up facts about some accidents which took 30,000 lives per year. The facts had long been on the record, but never before brought to the notice of authorities who could do something about them.

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## What happens if you crash—

The driver doesn't always have to lose. In 1964 a Brooklyn, New York man bought a car from a used car dealer for only \$41.20. A week or so after he bought the car, the brakes failed and the car crashed into a taxi. The driver's wife, Mrs. Carmen Patrimonio, sued the used car dealer. She had required long hospitalization and plastic surgery, and she said the dealer had the responsibility of selling them a car with good brakes.

In the first trial, the jury found for Mrs. Patrimonio and awarded her \$45,000. But the dealer appealed, and the case went to the State Supreme Court's Appellate Division, then came back for a new trial. \$45,000 was too much money for the award, said the Appellate Division. So the jury got the case again. But this time they found for Mrs. Patrimonio again, and this time they upped the award, instead of reducing it, to a total of \$65,000. When the judge had given the case to the jury, he gave them only one important instruction: "If you think that the dealer did know that those brakes were bad, then you are on fire for the plaintiff in this action."

So the driver doesn't always have to lose, even as the law now stands. Similarly, Mrs.

Pierini got \$75,000 from General Motors for her Corvair accident and there are literally hundreds, perhaps thousands, of more involving responsibility for auto accidents piling up in every major court in the country.

But even when the driver wins in these cases, he loses, say the experts. The delay between the used-car accident and the final decision was more than eight years, the delay in the Corvair case over four years. These delays are what dealers and many factories alike rely on to cover all most people seeking to get even for auto losses by going to court and suing.

"Most people only lose a few hundred dollars in a bad car deal or a few thousand in an accident," says one authority. "It just isn't worth suing—and maybe losing, too."

Eight years in the life of a human being is a lot, but in the life of a company, or of a law office, it's almost nothing. The companies and the manufacturers pay their lawyers by the year, whether they sue them or not, and they fight every case. They know that people will shy off from suing if they know the man will be fought, they know that they stand a very good case of winning in court or dragging the case out on appeals until the plaintiff is ready to come to cheaper terms just to end it, and they know that even if they lose in court, they stand to come out ahead in the long run as the cases average out and as long as the settlements they have to pay remain relatively small.

Nevertheless, more and more people are suing the companies and the dealers that

sell them cars that lead to accidents. There are signs that a pattern may be starting in which the companies are going to be held legally responsible for a lot that they were allowed to get away with in the past. If this happens, say the legal experts, you will see one thing happening for sure: Cars will get a lot safer, and dealers will get a lot more honest. But even if this does come to pass, and you do stand a fair chance of redress in the courts—no amount of money can make up for a lost arm, a lost life, time spent in the hospital, years of time struggling to meet court costs without any idea of whether you are going to win in the long run.

There is only one real answer to car accidents and that is not to have one in the first place. But that is a lot like being "agony-free." It's a lot easier to say it than to do it.

## Prospects for the future—

None of these evils, neither the high-pressure easy-credit tactics used by unscrupulous dealers nor the problem of the dangers built into automobiles that could be built without them have escaped notice from Congress and other regulators. But the possibility of getting something done about them isn't as easy as all that.

## Auto dealers:

For many years Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois has been trying to get a "truth in lending" bill passed. If that bill does pass, then a dealer will have to tell you, before you sign for a car, exactly what it is going to cost you at the end. The bill, so says

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laws like it, offers the best hope of not getting stuck on credit terms.

Nobody is ever going to change the fast sell approach of the huckster dealers. But one development that may counteract this approach comes from a Supreme Court decision this spring, which cleared the way for auto dealers to sell cars at a discount the same way you can buy electrical appliances, radios or even clothes at less than list price in some stores. Several big, reputable companies, which have as much of an interest in giving you a fair shake as fast-buck artists have in conning you, are talking about possibly opening such automobile "supermarkets." If Sears-Roebuck, or some similar big firm, went into the auto merchandising business, it could do a lot to straighten out the big-volume cheaters who only get away with high pressure tactics because they have no four-square opportunity to go up against

Auto dangers.

As of right now, the people who have the

dime brakes, anti-skid devices, chest harness seat belts, shock absorbing bumpers and rear-window windshield wipers. Beyond this, the auto makers might go so far as to design a nearly crash-proof passenger compartment. Tests have shown that the human body can take the enormous forces of a high speed crash and survive almost unhurt. The trick is to distribute the shock over a wide area. Some European cars (Saab, Rover and Mercedes-Benz) already point the way, with front ends designed to crumple up and take the shock of a crash, but passenger compartments built right as a ship's hull, to keep intact no matter what happens.

As this article goes to press, the first results of the great auto safety campaign have knocked new car sales down in an exceptional percentage. This may well continue, experts say, until Congress finally passes its safety manufacturing regulations and gets the business of automobiles off the



"Got a minute, Wembley?"

most to say about what the car you drive looks like work in an obscure agency you probably never heard of, the General Services Administration (G.S.A.), in Washington D.C. The G.S.A. sets the specifications for about 60,000 cars the government buys every year. When G.S.A. demanded that the government only buy cars with seat belt installations, the auto industry made seat belts standard for all cars—it was cheaper than just designing them for the government sales alone. For next year, the G.S.A. has stipulated that government purchased cars must have such safety items as collapsible steering columns, stronger seat and seat belt anchorages, padded dashboards, non-polluting exhaust systems and heavy-duty door locks and hinges. That means that your car for 1967 will have all or most of these same features.

In the future the record may look different. Congress is now considering a law that will set minimum safety standards for all cars. It could make a big difference. On the agenda, you might find such items as

docket. But sooner or later, you are going to be buying a car, new or used, and that is the time when the information now being available on auto manufacturing and auto selling will be most useful to you.

It may be a good idea to remember, when you do buy your next car, that even the industry's cynosword Ribicoff has commended the American car in comparison to others available. "The American automobile, on the whole, is the safest car in the world!" And now, thanks in large measure to men like Ralph Nader and to Ribicoff himself, it is going to be even safer. So you stand a good chance to get a fine car and to make yourself a good deal when you buy it.

But if, and only if—and it's a big if—you keep your wits about you when you choose when you buy, when you sign up for terms. Buying a car can be every bit as important to you as driving it. And in the long run, the decisions there can only be up to you.



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## Come-Across Swinger

Continued from page 13



"Nope. It's only another fifteen minutes or so in Ridgeway and we're home free. This old bird goes pretty well on one engine. Relax sonny. And let this be a lesson to you. Never, never, when the air's cold and moist, let those carburetors get word up."

"Yeah. But this is only my second trip, remember."

"Hell, I'm not criticizing you, sonny. Just want you to remember. We're lucky we broke out of that stuff when we did."

He picked up the microphone and switched frequencies on the VHF transceiver. "Hello, Newark approach control, this is FatAir two-sixty-five, over."

As the co-pilot gave the descent reports to the controller, Baker removed his sun glasses and yawned. He had been flying into

a bright young man after breaking out of the clouds and his eyes felt grains. He had had no sleep last night. He was tired and stiff.

Sam Baker banked the C-46 gently and rolled out on heading.

On the localizer course, inbound to Ridgeway airport on instruments in solid cloud, Baker called the tower. The tower operator cleared him to land and asked if he needed assistance.

"Don't need it," said Baker confidently, "but have the red trucks standing by just in case."

The C-46 contacted ground too fast and too far down the runway. Sam knew the lesson on the brakes. Too late, he realized they would not be enough. He would have to groundslip. "Unlock tailwheel!" he ordered.

By the time the tailwheel came unlocked he was leaning hard on the left brake with no pressure on the right. The fat-bellied C-46 began a lumbering turn, but not enough. It kept skidding forward. It burst off the far end of the runway, through the fence across a ditch toward the highway, smashing at a small concrete bridge over a stream.

Sam Baker reached up to turn off the ignition switch on the right engine, then screamed with every ounce of breath he had.

Don Masters was pouring a cup of bitter coffee, still shaking from a bad dream that had torn him from sleep. Then the telephone rang. He gulped the steaming coffee hurriedly and grumped his way back to the dim bedroom.

He yanked the phone from the cradle, said "Masters" and heard a man's stricken voice mumble brokenly about a damn crash and sudden flames down at the airport. "I'm on the way down," Masters said and stepped to the window where he pulled the drapes and raised the blinds.

In the near distance, down past the sloped streets where the airport lay an undulating red glow lit the space above the trees, sending a jerry finger jabbing at the sky.

He swung as he careened down Trent Street toward the highway. It would be Sam Baker on the Captain's seat. He was due in. And the co-pilot was the new kid hired just a week ago. No reward, thank God. The newspapers always made a big mistake of a photograph of a pretty young

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statements, who had been in a crash.

At the airport there was a crowd on the ramp beneath the control tower. A fuselage crowd immobile, staring, hypnotized by the five Masters recognized one of his mechanics, Ed Gardner, his VP operations manager; Paul Adams of the FAA; and there was a pretty woman he was sure he had met before. Masters leaped out of his car to join Gardner in the crowd. Gardner's hair was drawn with helplessness and fear.

"What was a man. You look sick, Ed."  
"They've had it."  
"Nobody got out? You're certain?"  
"Sure. I was here just after it hit."  
"Nobody could come out of that alive,"  
Masters said quietly.

The air was crisp and clear and the PaAir gleamed silver white in the sunlight. The low pressure snow had moved northward taking the dust and snow with it, but had left no sign of snow on the northern New Jersey. An inch of brilliant white snow still covered the hangar and portions of the ground, making a stark contrast with the red, charred remains of the C-46 that had been tossed off the field to the left a gun silent pile of junk at the north end of the PaAir ramp.

The hangar and the business it signified were the physical counterpart of an idea that Dan Masters' mind had built over the years like a tall tower, gone upon flame. The foundation had been laid during the depression. His father, through grit and determination, had hung on to his tailor shop. His mother had been a command carpenter not frightened by even of the early thirties into becoming a penny hoarder.

After high school, Masters went to work in a bank by day and in aviation mechanic school at night. He was disoriented for a long time to find that so many people missed the simple realities of life on his earth: what you wanted, you worked for; you didn't waste for wishful thinking. During the war for the four freedoms he served two tours in Europe as a bomber pilot. Even then he saw the future in civil aviation. As a result of his years of work and observation PaAir was launched with a healthy chance for survival and Dan Masters had loved every aspect, every problem, of its creation.

Inside the hangar today, mechanics and inspectors were crawling over another Pa Air C-46 attempting a hundred-hour inspection. One side of the hangar was lined with two floors of offices. In one of them, on the ground level, Ed Gardner was seated in his desk, listening to a voice in the telephone.

get all the logs and flight plans for that plane out of your files. Ed I want every scrap of paperwork available. And no one is to tamper with the wreckage. We want to go over it very thoroughly.

Yes, yes, of course. Ed Gardner slammed down the telephone with a shaky hand. He had been talking with Paul Adams of the FAA and he had disliked the crisp authoritative quality in Adams' voice. He left his desk and walked hurriedly to Dan Masters' office, found it empty, went to the switchboard in the reception room. "Lary," he said to the girl at the board, "what is this matter with you?"

"Nothing," Lary lowered her gaze. But it was just so very terrible. Those two men, I was talking in those both yesterday."

"Take it easy Lary, take it easy. Have a couple of aspirins. And if that doesn't help we'll take care of your nerves on lunch hour. We'll see that you're well relaxed before you come back to work." Ed Gardner smiled knowingly. "Okay?"

But right after this accident—  
"Honey, you'll forget all about having the blues." He reached out and squeezed her hand.

"Good," she said, finally smiling to him, then into the microphone: "PaAir, good morning."

Gardner had been Masters' VP for twelve years. He was a man of medium build, overweight in his fannies, whose eyes and thinning hair were characteristic; his cheeks and nose were tight-skinned with clean angular lines; and he gave the appearance of an athlete out of condition. It had been years since Ed Gardner had known any other calm.

Captain Peter Ferguson stirred his coffee nervously his eyes darting between the two men at the table with him: Captain Ivan Damaski and Bill Westfield, a captain. All wore dark blue uniforms with gold wings and stripes on the sleeves of their tunics.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" Ferguson demanded.

About what? asked Ivan Damaski.

"Sam Baker and that new kid."

"I guess, said Damaski, "no go to the General and chip in for the widow. What else?"

"That lets you out, Ferguson decided. "I wasn't counting on you, anyway. You've been cozy with Masters to start me."

"Masters gave me a job. I do my job and he pays me. What more do I want? What do you want, take over the company yourself?"

Ferguson's eyes flashed angrily. "Have, lines, that might not be a bad idea."

Sam Damaski stood up a bulky man whose uniform was a little ruffled in contrast with his slicked-down grey hair. He took his hat from the unoccupied chair at their table and placed it carefully on his head. "Listen me, he said, "I'm going to check weather out Detroit way. He had spoken to Bill Westfield, now he turned to Ferguson. "Peter, I think you should see a head doctor. You're nuts."

Ferguson watched Damaski's broad back until he was out of sight. Then he turned back to Westfield. "What about you? Are you with me?"

"With you? I don't know what you're talking about yet. What's the pick?"

Ferguson took his time answering. What was the pick? The real pick? He had been critical of PaAir's operation and equipment since the first month they hired him. The others at first had shrugged off Peter Ferguson as a chronic griper, a man who meant no harm but who could not keep from showing off his mouth.

"I think," said Ferguson, "it's time to start looking on Masters, to show him we're human beings with rights, not robots to stick into his crummy planes without regard to the shape they're in. He expects us to work without giving us the equipment to work with."

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"What's the matter with the equipment?" asked Winfield indignantly.

"Are you blind, fella? Don't show your lack of experience in openly. All our outfit equipment is standard Military Moscow stuff. Our (unusable) moral prowess on instruments to the New York area isn't enough to stay out of trouble. And Moscow could spend a few hundred dollars more and get engines that are properly overhauled."

Winfield turned his lips and his expression of most, said. Yes, that's true, I guess that what can be done about all this."

"I'll figure something. When I do, I'd like to know you're with me. When do you say? Ferguson tried me to show how deeply I anticipated the answer."

Winfield repeated "I don't know, Pete. Just the two of us."

"There'll be a lot more than two of us before I'm through. I can almost guarantee that. What is that to me if we talk to you? Moscow can't run his airplanes without crews."

"Well, if we're all together, I'll go along."

Pregnant sighed inwardly and smiled. He knew he had this one wrapped up. It was enough of a start. "Good boy, Bill. Come, let's get this show on the road."

They were driving slowly along the highway in traffic out of the Redwood airport. Gardner's face was tight and pinched and Lucy groaned him. "What are you so mad about?" she asked.

He told Lucy plainly, "I'm going to make you want, baby."

Gardner laid his hand on Lucy's thigh and she moved closer.

"We'll see who gets faster. I know just how you're going to be. I know the exact action you'll make on that bed, Lucy. That I'm sure of."

Lucy averted his eyes. "Phoney!"

Now going litheless in the air you?

"No, said Lucy. 'I don't mind that kind of talk when we're—when—well, but you have to be the one or otherwise else it sounds like a bore.'"

Ed Gardner examined her hand. He opened the car off the road beside a street and turned off the motor. He opened the door. "Come," she leaned against his arm going to the metal room Gardner had reserved for this purpose a couple of times every week. Lucy's eyes were blurred as she began to undress while Gardner pulled the blinds so there would not be much light in the room.

When she was undressed and waiting for him on the edge of the bed Gardner crossed the room swiftly and soon she was being back on the bed, with her legs impatiently digging into the sheet, stretching spasmodically. When her mouth came Gardner lunged upward, found her, quickly unbuttoned himself and they lay still. Lucy, while she was wrapping her fingers. Gardner said, "How are you looking Lucy? Stringers still in your brain?"

"Nope. All worn off. What you do to me leaves no room in my brain for anything else. I'll be able to fight my way—without all right."

Gardner heard, Ed Gardner's mouth

turned down, as though he were dissatisfied with his world and could find in his—off all responsibility for its shaping.

He wheeled into his driveway suddenly and slammed the car to a jolting stop. In side, he threw his hat and coat on a small table and called out, "Adelle! You home?"

A woman's voice answered crisply from the upper reaches of the house. "Marshall is in the living room."

Gardner stirred the tall glass decanter and poured two drinks. His was half gone when he looked up to see his wife Adelle enter the room. "Good day," she said without looking at him, walking directly to rumple up her Marshall.

"They're all dead lately. I don't know." "I thought today would be particularly rough, dear. Heard about the crash on the radio. Pit," Adelle Gardner sat on a cushion her slender tantalizing legs down the woe a beige silk knit dress worn almost three hundred dollars, a sparkling diamond brooch on her fragile wrist a French knot in her mob-hair hair. She drank slowly.

"Work, work, work, Adelle said then went to dinner gracefully and undisturbed and Gardner trudged upstairs to his bed room. His bedroom it had been that way for a year or so now and, as Gardner sat at a small desk, his mind went into reverse gear and roared back to the beginnings of his life with Adelle.

Distress entered their marriage deep by deep, as though sweeping into a quagmire, and he began to notice other women more often. At a party on their house one night,

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he noticed Lydia Bates, a member of Adeline's bridge club. Her smile was full and warm and brightened so otherwise plain face that seemed barren and hard. But Gardner found the rest of her to his liking; body, rounded bosom that protruded at the cloth of her black sheath dress, a shapely body, but with a delectable rounded plumpness made for grabbing by big, anxious hands; legs that showed strength in a slender line of thigh.

Gardner picked a fresh drink from the serving table and thrusting his way across the room to her "Would you like to drink with me?"

Lydia smiled once more "Why, I'd love to, Ed. Thank you."

He led her into the next room where the bid played soft, murmurous music off a tape. The drinks got to Gardner and he never felt the floor under him knowing only soft swaying motion and the soft pressure of Lydia moulded against him. "You're very desirable, Lydia," Gardner felt her melt against him as they danced. "You really mean it, I'm ready, but I'm ready for now, not tomorrow or another time." The lady had heard against his cheek. "You caught me at the right time, Ed, so don't let it go to waste."

Gardner pulled her tighter "I won't, damn it!"

"Where can we go?"  
"Upstairs, beautiful, down on the right."  
All right. They parted and she left the room before him.

He opened the door and stepped onto a dark room. He heard her when whisper, "That you, Ed?"

"Yes."  
Over here, Dan's got on a light. I'm on the bed." Her husband's voice was excited and anxious. The necessity for quiet and the risk of discovery made her come to Gardner all the more provocative. He undressed hurriedly and walked in the gleam to the side of the bed, reaching for her, seeing the naked whiteness of her in a fuzzy, blurred outline and feeling his hands as they sought to pull him down.

"Don't make me wait," she said.

He found in her a molten, wetting eagerness that left no time or room for play and soon she began to moan and he felt his own body quickly apprehending its exquisite peak of pleasure.

Then it happened suddenly above and embarrassing. Discovery. The door of the room opened and a light stepped on to reveal them entwined, exposed intimately to some untold eavesdropper.

It was Adeline.

The ravine cracked away from the community at an awkward place, led by two black limousines in one of them, Dan Masters, one with fully naked, the dead photo's waiter.

Do you intend to go straight home?" he asked.

Fully naked took a long damp breath before she replied "What did you think of the service, Mr. Masters?"

"The truth?" When the emerald, Ed said, "Too excellent."

Fully said, "Yes, I'm sure that's what Dan would have thought. The things that minister said—I don't know when he was writing about. Not him."

"Let's not talk of it anymore, husband" she declined. "I seldom do much."

What are you going to do? asked Masters.

"Do? Haven't thought about doing any thing just existing. It's so unfair."

"You keep saying that. What's unfair?"  
"That this should happen to Dan. The first day I was so damned mad about it, but that's childish. Now I'm learning to simply accept the facts."

Masters did not accept her self approval, the way learning that. "He's gone," she went on, "I'm old children, nothing seems to matter anymore."

Stopping the car beside Ed's apartment building, Masters said, "I'd like you to have dinner with me."

Fully hesitated. "You don't have to."  
"The things I have to do," he explained, "are only those things I wish to do."

When Fully found him now, Masters thought he detected the return of a slight brightness in her eyes and voice, the air of returning life. "You know," she said, "I think it's all right."

Call for you is over," said Masters. He watched the meter drop close on fully, then he drove to the airport. He would get there in time for the landing Paul Adams of CAB had arranged.

They left the CAB conference room and Gardner followed Masters in his office.

"Did you hear that marvelous Ferguson?" cried Gardner "Trying to make Dan O'Keefe a combination Jack Armstrong and Saint Paul, Dan, we've got to get rid of that—that." He slipped from the stool again.

"I understand the motives of Paul Adams and I think I know what Ferguson is after," said Masters. "Here's him. If we let them give us the jitters it will help them succeed. Always remember that Ed." The office worked on the electric stove and Masters poured a cup. He heard Ed Gardner with a reluctant glance. "Frankly they don't worry me as much as you do, Ed."

"I do?"

"You've been happy with after too long for me to be unconscious of your moods. You've been changing, gradually now but about a year, and suddenly in the past few days you act as though someone's dropped a load of bricks on you."

"They haven't. They're trying to do you, too, if you could know it, Dan."

"Do you have to put it that way, Dan? I'm a little shaky, of course, but don't think I could run and let you fight this alone. I hope I still have a little self respect left. It's nothing. I'll get over it. He hesitated deeply, blushed, and Masters saw it as an effort for composure. "I'll try to hold my temper."

"Good. If you keep that number, they can't hurt us."

They arrived after he reached home. Masters' doorbell rang. He put down his coffee with a muttered curse and opened the door.

"There you are, darling!"

"Good evening, Adeline."

He reached her with his arms when she turned down, and kissed her indifferently. He took her coat. "You're out late, Adeline."

"I couldn't be if you had been in earlier, and I do mean both ways."

"I went out to dinner."

"Adeline" Adeline Gardner began smiling



cocktails at the small bar "solitary dining" not good for a strong, healthy man like you.

"It wasn't solitary."

"Well, whoever it was, don't let the Bette get too hot, darling. I like being your favorite and dialing competition."

Masters sat close to her. "Don't worry, Adele, why you offer me in the realm of non-competitive sport, like polo?"

Adele handed him a drink. "Good, darling, isn't it? ever going to change? You can't be unkind and selfish all your life. People will want to chew you up if you continue that way."

"Let them try," Masters said indifferently. "Let me try. I'm not after love." She had her hat and coat and shoes off. "See what a nice present I brought you."

Adele continued to drape there at the door until she would naked, her breasts thrust tauntingly at Masters, the while of her fat abdomen and slender thighs inviting his visitor. Masters began to undress. If she was that determined, there could be nothing of her left for Gardner and he would be taking nothing away from him.

She watched his clothes come off and gasped, "Good, at last a man!" and Masters picked her up and placed her wordily on the living room carpet, and set up making her understand that she would get from him only that which she was now ready for and never anything more. Her flesh was mucous beneath him and he entered her quickly. His rhythm was insistent and unyielding and when she cried out in pain he continued to bruise her recklessly until he reached that roaring sensation of flesh that could do nothing but explode.

He asked, "You still want to go on with it? This is what you'll be, something for me to use."

She opened her eyes. "Then use me for God's sake, you brute, use me!"

He carried her then into the bedroom and became gentle and artful, thoughtful of the need in her that had gone unanswered on the carpet. He kept her in an erotic state long enough that day to physically exhaust her and she fell asleep on his bed, after mumbling, deeply, "God, what is a man like you doing lying alone!"

Their relationship since that day had been one of little frivolity, frequent quiet dinners, reasonably strong drinks, and several of busy sexual depletion spaced by days of restorative continence. Masters assumed there be no talking in hotels or cheap restaurants, but neither did they discuss their affairs in the faces of people it might injure.

Adele, try as she might with practiced devices familiar and previously successful, found Masters impervious to any attempt to weaken his control of the situation.

"Sam Baker good. I can almost hear some of you saying this to yourselves. Maybe he did, but when you good an approach you can always suck up the gear, pour the coal and try it again. If you have two engines, that is. Sam Baker had only one and you and I know, we all know, that this plane won't hang anywhere on single engine once you're flattered out over the runway! I've seen this coming, believe me, and none of you have, too."

Pete Vergamon pointed to survey his audi-

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he brushed on a door bell and turned off the railway.

Dametri swung open the cargo door, lunged down the ladder and he and Masters clambered down. "Evening, Mr. Masters," said the station agent. "Good to see you again, Hi, Captain Dametri."

The taxi arrived and Masters and Dametri piled in and they began the four-hour or so mile ride into Detroit. Masters settled back in the seat. "Ivan," he asked, "your cousin still on the force here?"

"Sure. Detective now. You need something, Don?"

"Yes. I need information and it'll save a lot of time and energy. His presence alone might speed things up."

"It'll cost you," Ivan said haughtily.

"I expected it. I've always paid my way, Ivan."

A sheet, huffy man with a started, ugly face and an almost sinister grin entered and walked toward Masters' table. "Here's Lem," said Ivan.

Ivan Dametri and his cousin shook hands and Masters was introduced. "Don Masters. Leopold Malish."

"What can I help you with?" Leo said bluntly, without preamble.

Masters ordered him a drink and out lined his needs. "On the morning of the crash, one of my planes crashed up. On the night of the 8th the crew of that plane stayed here at the hotel. The Captain was an experienced, capable man who should have handled the situation safely, but he made a couple of mistakes that turned out fatal. I want to know where he went the night of the 8th, what he did, who he saw, what he said if possible; everything we can discover. What do you think, Leo?"

Leopold Malish rubbed the down stars on his face with a hairy hand. "What'd he look like, this Lem Baker?"

Masters withdrew the photo he had taken from Lem Baker's bedroom. "Like this."

Three hours later, Masters telephone rang.

"Hello."

The caller was Detective Leopold Malish. "This Masters? Listen, here's what I got. The bartender down here recognized Baker right away from the picture. He was a steady customer when he was in town. About a month ago Baker got chummy with a broad who lives in the hotel, closer downtown type. They had a thing going."

"What time was that, Leo?"

"About one I just got back from talking to the broad at a club. She didn't know Baker had bought the farm and when the house he breaks up a little. So she's come to talk to. On that night she and Baker went to her room right from the bar and she had a bottle up there. They did what all healthy boys and girls do and the next thing they know it's time for him to get his uniform on and hotfoot it to the airport."

I see, Leo, can you get that on paper and have the bartender and the bartender sign it?"

"I don't know. Talking is one thing, signing another. I'll give it a go." He hung up and Masters sat staring at his telephone. When he came out of his reverie he got ready for bed and was lying on his back staring at the ceiling, when Malish

knocked at his door. The paper was delivered, Masters handed him a hundred dollar bill, they shook hands graciously and Masters returned to bed.

In the morning Masters left Detroit just ahead of a fast moving cold front that had spared four inches of snow across the mid west. At the yoke, Ivan Dametri cursed all the performance he could get out of the C-66 and, pushed by a brisk thirty knot tail wind the trip back to Ridgeway was swift and smooth.

His first stop was at the north end of the field. On the second floor of the structure housing the control tower, Masters entered the FAA Safety Office and said to the receptionist. "I'd like to see Mr. Adams, please. Masters is my name."

"One moment," said the woman. She left her desk to disappear into a back office and returned almost immediately. "You may go right in."

Paul Adams sat slumped in a camp seat staring three desks.

"Morning, Adams."

"Hi, don't, Masters." Adams' face was expressionless. He picked up his mild pipe and chewed the stem.

"You might be interested in this," Masters withdrew from his pocket the signed statements he had obtained at Detroit and placed them before Adams. "Sam Baker, look off from Detroit with at least a hangover, probably partially drunk, and no doubt fatigued from lack of sleep. In that condition the best pilot is not thinking properly."

Adams read the reports while hawking to Masters. "Well, I'll have to get in touch with Mr. Wright about this. This seems to let Pat Air off the hook—unofficially, of course. We can check on this people?"

"At your leisure," said Masters, retrieving his reports.

"I'd like those to exhibit at the hearing, after we check it out."

Not there," Masters stood up. "I need them. Photostatic copies anytime you wish, but I need them now for another purpose." He walked as far as the door returned and tossed a packet of matches on Adams' desk. "Here. Light that pipe for a change."

"Smoking's bad for the lungs," said Adams and made a long loud puff through his pipe stem as Paterson left.

Downstairs again, Masters backed out of the parking lot.

Masters got out of the car as a sedan pulled in a few spaces away. It was Pete Ferguson and the sight of him baffled Masters. He called to him, closing the distance between them rapidly, waving to Adric Gardner who made an acknowledging "Ferguson!"

Pete Ferguson stopped his walk toward the hanger and stood, hands on hips, glaring at Masters. "What can I do for you?"

"Two things," Masters came to within an arm's length of him. "Get off my list and take off that uniform. You were fired."

"So I am," Ferguson mumbled, "but I've been hired back again. This morning. And I have a trip today."

"Not on one of my planes, you know. I fired you. No one can advise you."



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ached as it slammed against the edge of the desk, suppling him over onto his back. He groaned.

Ed Gardner stood a moment between fright and flight then dropped the gun and ran the hidden from the office, past the receptionist's desk, across the south ramp and did not stop running until he was in his car speeding away from the hangar.

The office and hangar were back to normal when the doctor arrived and set about cleaning and binding Masters arm. Masters gave the doctor the accident story for his report and thanked him for coming so promptly. After showing the doctor out he had a cup of black coffee and opened the drawer to stare at the gun. This finished Gardner at Patiki. There could be no hope for any workable relationship now.

Ferguson would not be back he must know he was leaving. Fighting with Ferguson had been a mistake, had reduced Masters to his level and Masters regretted it, but the fact remained that Patiki's future was brighter as a result of an hour's violent action. The pilots could be moved by the reports in Masters' pocket and a description of the talk he had had with Paul Adams. It that didn't do it. Yes, if they had gained so much momentum and force that they could not be moved?

There was a knock at his door. Come in, Mousing Pease.

You wanted me, Mr. the hunkkeeper said.

Yes I need a complete accounting of your financial status as of this morning. I need to know your bank statements, accounts payable, receivable, the works. I don't want a penny overlooked.

Yes, Mr. Pease. I want it before our client comes.

"But Mr. Masters, that's impossible!" "There's nothing impossible, Pease. Let me see you can do help me, except Claire Furness and the girl on the switchboard and tell them to check with me if they object. You get this done and there's a hundred dollar bonus to it for you."

Pease said nothing more. He went out. He twelve forty-five everything Masters had asked for was printed on a few sheets of paper and laid on his desk. "Thank you, Pease. I appreciate it. Here," He took out his billfold and handed Pease two dollars. "Everybody who worked on this can have an extra hour off for lunch."

"Thank you, Mr. I'll tell them."

He called his secretary and instructed her to get him a seat on the fastest plane to Oklahoma City. His final call was to John Fairchild of Oklahoma Air Transport. "Can you use a few good men? As a favor to me? Not now? Now soon? 4 months? All right. I'll send you their names, addresses and phone numbers. Listen, John. I'll be out to see you . . . no, not tomorrow as soon as I can get there tonight. Have them hold a room at the Black Hotel. Will you? Wait for me and have your lawyers with you. . . what? . . . no. I'll tell you when I see you. Thanks, John."

When his calls were finished, he marched into Gardner's office and hurried back with a huge commercial checkbook. There were

the desk he became absorbed in check writing and envelope sealing for the next two hours.

Masters found Sally in the kitchen. The stove was lit, dishes were down from the cupboard, a ham steak and other foodstuffs had been removed from the refrigerator. "Why don't we go out to dinner?" asked Masters. "That ham's over a week old."

But still good, Sally smiled. Can't we stay here? I've the urge to cook again and do other little things I've been shunning.

All right, I'll fix the drinks.

They carried their drinks into the living room where they stood at the huge arched window looking at a faint crescent moon and below it, the twinkling and nearly lights of the New York skyline across the Hudson. That's beautiful, Sally observed.

Yes, but we sometimes take it too much for granted, sometimes forget that a lot of men performing a lot of honest work make it possible. He put an arm around Sally's shoulders and brushed his lips against her soft brown hair.

She turned her head to him. That's important to you, isn't it? Your work? Extremely important.

Yes. What else can a man run for except the work of building or creating or making something where there was nothing?

Sally turned herself to face against him looking delectably lovely, deeply and fragrantly demanding him. "But there are other things in life too, Don."

You're right, but those other things as you call them are the joys you earn with your work. The best things in life Sally are not free. Payment is always exacted in one form or another.

Sally put down her glass on the window ledge and looked her arm up around Masters neck. "Even this?"

This most of all Sally. I have to leave town tonight.

Oh, soon. She was disappointed.

Very soon.

For how long, Don?

I expect to be back early tomorrow. I have a meeting in the morning with the pilots.

I wish you could stay. I can't. Will you be all right here alone?

I think so.

His hand on the small of her back pushed her to him and they kissed again.

Now that the feel of her was under his hands the desire for her thrashing his body the need of her inflaming his brain, he was reluctant in moving her and placing her. She moaned at first but soon lost in a terribly strained arching of her body to meet his brutal passion. He wanted her name over and over until the delight of passion became unbearably painful for their flesh and ended in a surge that blasted out all pain, all awareness.

Lying side by side, side after side, once more to speak, Sally said, "Don, Masters. I love you with my whole heart."

He kissed her and laid his hand on her breast. She stroked the back of his neck with her hand and searched with the other until she discovered he had not yet abandoned himself. "Are you always like that, Don?"



"How do you mean?" he asked her. "Sudden and fierce."

"Not always, not for a long time before last night," he said and set about caressing her tenderly until she bloomed for him as the morning glory opens itself for the sun's energy.

This time he showed her painstakingly and at great controlled length, with thoughtfulness and care, the true answer to her question. He persisted through a range of surges and sinkings and re-kindlings of her flesh until every muscle and sinew in her body was drained into limp and sleepy exhaustion. He watched her eyes close, pulled a blanket over to keep her warm, and left her to get dressed.

He felt exhilarated and deeply content. That was all that had been missing in his life—a woman who made him feel he could wrestle tigers.

Masters returned to Idlewild shortly after dawn. He had spent four hours with John Fielding in Oklahoma City and had been able to sleep only a couple of hours on the plane coming back. Tiny red fatigue lines traced the whites of his eyes and he needed a shave. He walked through the new shiny terminal and waited ten minutes for a taxi to take him to New Jersey.

Finally he walked into the PatAir hangar and picked up the telephone to call his own number.

Sally answered with a sleepy voice. "Hello."

"Good morning. It's Don."

"Back already? What time is it, anyway?"

"Early. Eight o'clock," he said. "Sally, I'd like you to be here about quarter after nine. I'd come up there for you but I have some things to clear up."

"Sure, I'll be there."

"Bring your suitcase and the one I have packed in my closet, will you? We're going on a little trip."

"Oh? Just like that? Today?" she asked.

"When I'm finished here this morning, we'll drive to Maryland to be married."

"I see it says to pick up the phone in this house."

They hung up. Masters spent some time now sorting papers in his desk, testing some and discarding them, dipping others into his briefcase. As he worked, he heard the noises in the hangar as the men arrived and the office people came in.

At eight-forty-five he left his office and stood in a doorway that looked into the hangar and he watched the pilots come in.

As Masters watched, he thought of his meeting last night with Fielding. The hotel room: Fielding friendly and warm and glad to see him. Fielding's consternation when Masters told him what he planned to do and Fielding's low whistle of surprise when he heard the amount Masters mentioned.

Fielding had tried for an hour to dissuade him, but finding him immovable had the papers drawn up then and there. "It's a steal," he had said, and the words came to Masters' mind now. A steal.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I won't be too long about this, but there are a couple of things I'd like to say." He paused. "You know, we used to have a pretty good team here. I'm sorry to say that's no longer true. We're pulling in opposite directions now

and the only effect that can have is for something to come apart. I'm afraid it has. You men threw PatAir out the window."

"Get to the point," someone in the rear of the room said. "We're here to get an agreement, not to discuss personalities."

Masters handed the envelopes to the man standing beside Ivan Damenski. "Paul, will you take yours and pass them along so the other men can find their own?"

They were puzzled as the envelopes were passed out. Masters waited with his arms folded across his chest until the envelopes were distributed and the men began to open them. "These envelopes," he said, "contain checks covering every penny due you up through yesterday. They are your last checks, gentlemen."

"That's a hell of a note!" a young captain said. "You mean you think you can get away with firing us all?"

"Don't jump to conclusions," said Masters. "It means that PatAir is no longer in business. It was sold last night."

"But why? Do you have to be an extremist?" someone yelled.

"Ash, shut up!" said another. "You stupid sonofabitch, you can't talk to a guy like him."

Masters walked out and Ivan followed him.

On the hangar deck, Ivan said, "I looked at my check. It's padded a few hundred bucks."

"Yes. Yours, Tom's and a couple of others," Masters said. "Loyalty needs some reward, Ivan. You call Fielding in Oklahoma. I've arranged with him to use you and anyone else you want to choose to ferry these planes out there. He'll pay you for it."

"Thanks," Ivan searched Masters' face sadly. "I don't suppose there's any way to change this?"

Masters shook his head.

"Good luck, Ivan," Masters went into his office and gathered his secretary and department heads together. He explained briefly what had happened and handed them the remaining envelopes to be distributed to the people in their departments.

When they were gone, Masters picked up his briefcase, coat and gloves, and took one last lingering look at his office. His arm continued to ache as he walked outside and climbed into Sally's car. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him hard.

"How'd it go, Don?"

"As well as could be expected, I guess. Let's get started."

They were speeding south along the New Jersey Turnpike when Sally asked, "Want to tell me what you've done?"

"I sold PatAir."

"Oh, Don!"

"It was necessary."

"After Baltimore—what?" asked Sally.

"Back to Ridgetown and Haledwood to pick up our personal things and unload my car. Then, I think, Alaska. Still largely undeveloped, still room for another aviation man, loaded with potential."

Sally took her right hand off the steering wheel and offered it to Masters. They squeezed each other's fingers, savoring the contact.

Sally smiled playfully. "You're just thinking about those long Alaskan nights."



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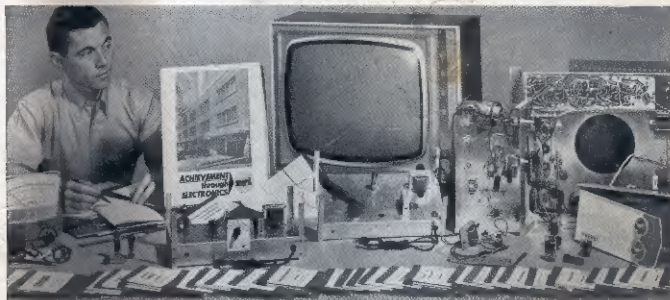
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